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JOHN BULL

Vol. XVII. No. 428. SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1914. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see page ii. of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Competition Entrants

The SHOULD READ

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Are you interested in Picture Puzzles, Literary Competitions and the like?

Do you enter for "Mary Bull's" Pictures, "John Bull's" "Bullets," "Middles" "Heads or Tails," or any of the other newspaper competitions? If so you need THE COMPETITORS' JOURNAL!

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1D. Weekly.

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in a correct claim:—

WILLIAM WILSON, 58, George Lane, Bredbury, nr. Stockport. July 16th. 279,652.

JAMES CRONIN, 29, Salisbury Street, S.S., Glasgow. July 25th. 017,908.

W. F. MOSS, Boro' Chambers, Wharton Street, Cardiff, Wales. July 25th A021,634.

H. PULLAW, 10, Barkly Terrace, Cross Flatts, Beeston, Leeds. July 25th. 4'3,312.

JOSEPH WARD, 120, Oliver Street, Stockport. July 25th. 323,956.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of August 8th:—

000497	159851	372068	607131	832272
030487	194754	382947	635407	856782
027673	199417	407704	643948	862773
040512	210699	427586	677110	904136
065972	248998	456227	698240	927412
080823	257851	476217	709999	930437
102611	271960	501286	711790	950136
116943	302755	535254	726612	985402
136269	337460	556908	777885	A000743
149483	355481	599135	803149	A008674

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty Numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 19th).

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Proof! Proof!! Proof!!!

MAIDEN ERLEGH for the City and Suburban; ALEPPO for the Chester Cup; THE CURRAGH for the 'Jubilee' Handicap; DURBAR II. for the Derby Stakes; THE CURRAGH for the Princess of Wales' Stakes; SON-IN-LAW for the Goodwood Cup, and WILLBROOK for the Brighton Cup.

Next Monday's issue of "GALE'S SPECIAL," published at 2s. 6d. will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 1s. P.O. or Stamps to all readers of "JOHN BULL" enclosing this paragraph.

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A SPECIAL OFFER

to "JOHN BULL" readers for

Next Saturday's "GALE'S" PRIMUS WIRE.

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N.B.—In the event of postponement owing to the war subscribers will be communicated with, and a Primus Wire selection sent, as soon as possible after racing is resumed.

The usual charge for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE is TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS PER MESSAGE. In no circumstances whatever is more than one selection ever mentioned on this message, and the following is a list of recent wires:—

July 10.—DESOLATION, 10 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 15.—SANDUSKY, 7 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 18.—REDFERN, 2 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 21.—ONEIDA II., 6 to 1 agst	...	WON
July 24.—LIGHT BRIGADE, 7 to 2 agst		WON

In addition to the above satisfactory information all recent SUBSCRIBERS have received "THE ADMIRAL'S" SEALED ENVELOPE SYSTEM free of charge. This System predicts winners at 10's and 20's at practically every meeting, and the following selections were indicated for the Goodwood Meeting:—

RED FINCH (100 to 8), won, Charlton Handicap.
LORD ANNANDALE (100 to 9), D.H., Stewards' Cup.
COLLODION (100 to 8), won, for the Goodwood Plate.
HAUGHTY EARL (100 to 6), won, Singleton Plate.
Amos (100 to 6), Third, for the Halnaker Plate.
KILTO! (100 to 6), won, for the Chesterfield Cup.

£1,000 TO ANY CHARITY FOR PROOF TO THE CONTRARY.

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for the SPECIAL PRIMUS WIRE ON SATURDAY NEXT, and secure satisfaction and profit in your Turf investments. This offer will not be repeated.

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"Gale's Special,"

Ruskin Buildings, Birmingham

Telegraphic Address: "WINNERS, Birmingham."

PEN COUPON WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 19.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVII. No. 428. Week ending Saturday, August 15th, 1914. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, SPORTING** *and* **LEGAL** *inquiries should be directed to the Financial, Insurance, Sporting, or Legal Editor, as the case may be. All communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

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£10 REWARD.

Wanted, the Copy of "John Bull" for AUG. 8. 1914, bearing on its Cover the Number 493,552.

Apply THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Our New Garment.

During the war—the war which we have been predicting for the past five years—the war which would have been averted had our advice been heeded—JOHN BULL appears in a somewhat changed garb. The figure on our cover of the national character which we endeavour to personify has suddenly assumed a changed demeanour; and even the dog which has stood so faithfully beside him these past eight years has been startled into a new position—whilst the lines of Byron, which have regularly appeared since our first issue, give way to those which we quoted in our special article last week, and which seem to us more accurately to reflect the popular sentiment of the day. Some of our regular features are this week unavoidably suspended, and various other changes will be noted. We do not, however, alter the title of these notes—The World, The Flesh and The Devil. That phrase surely expresses the spirit of the times.

War "News"!

What "spoof"—and wicked spoof—the Press indulges in when war is on! Except as it is contained in official documents, issued by the Government, nearly everything which appears is pure invention, and, to the initiated, obvious fake. Under the Business Government, every editor who either knowingly or recklessly publishes false war news will be shot. In the meantime, Mr. Churchill has done the right thing by establishing an official War News Bureau. He is doing well, is Winston.

The Resignations.

We were not surprised to learn that dear old Lord Morley had resigned. He has never been a practical politician, and was always out of place in the hurly-burly of life. Devoid of all knowledge of the world, his proper sphere of work was in the study and the library—and it was one of the farces of the Party system that he was ever given office. Like Lord Haldane, all he knows he has learnt from books—and that is not knowledge; it is "learning"—and that is not worth a tinker's cuss in the conduct of public affairs. Mr. John Burns's case is different; and we await, with interest, his explanation. To say that he disagreed with his colleagues about the war is no explanation. He has *always* disagreed with them. But he has done his work well. What is his little game? John does not commit apparent political suicide—and give up £5,000 a year!—for fun!

Ramsay the Ridiculous.

Of young Trevelyan it is unnecessary to say more than that he has set an example which we hope may soon be followed by some of the other raw youths on the Treasury Bench. It was always, in our eyes, an appalling spectacle to see these boys, in Eton jackets, playing with affairs of Empire; and no doubt one of the first outcomes of the new order of things which will follow the war will be the abolition of the Rising Hope from the sphere of actual government. But there is one more resignation which calls for a word. We refer to the egregious political mountebank Ramsay Macdonald, who has at length overshot his mark. In the supreme crisis of the national fate his was the only jarring note. Impudently pitting his judgment against that of every responsible Minister, he thought fit to flaunt the unanimous patriotism of the House of Commons. It now appears that he acted entirely on his own responsibility—as, indeed, he has been in the habit of doing—but his latest piece of arrogance has apparently been too much even for the docile members of the "Labour" Group, which he was supposed to "lead." There is, however, more behind his resignation than "meets the eye," and at another time we may have something to say about the episode.

Bravo, Redmond!

Last week we expressed regret that when the Prime Minister made his appeal for unity between all Parties in face of the national crisis, Mr. Redmond did not avail himself of the golden opportunity of winning the hearts of his enemies by a declaration of loyalty to the Empire. We predicted that such a course would soften the heart of the staunchest Ulsterman. And it was so; for ere our lines were read, the Nationalist leader seized a second chance—and seized it well. "More than one Unionist grasped his hand," we are told; whilst the *Telegraph*, almost echoing our words, expresses the opinion that his speech "did more to solve the Irish question than all that has gone before." Verily, the Party miasma is dissolving before the penetrating rays of Patriotism and Common-sense.

All about the Great Fight at the Stadium. Turn to page 14.

More Prayers!

We do wish the Church would realise how altogether out of place it is when meddling in affairs of State. Not content with the grim fact that on the day following its special prayers for peace, England, France and Germany all declared war, it formulates a fresh supplication "on behalf of his Majesty's naval and military forces." The irony of it all is that Germany is also invoking Divine aid for *its* righteous war. What *is* Providence to do? Do not let us be misunderstood. We scoff at neither prayer nor any other form of religion. We recognise that the world cannot do without that Faith and Hope which comfort and console it. But we say that religion is a purely personal matter—to be embraced by every man and woman as it may appeal to him or her—and that as a State institution it is shorn of all its beauty and its power.

Closing the Ranks.

The outbreak of hostilities has witnessed the declaration of a truce of God as far as our internal dissensions are concerned. To the position of the Irish question we refer elsewhere, and of the parliamentary situation little remains to be said. The Government may have to make up their minds to lose their Plural Voting Bill, which is of too Party a nature to be conceded by the Opposition. It may, however, console them to reflect that in the altered circumstances of the nation they are not likely to need its assistance at the next General Election. Only the mismanagement of the war can now unseat ministers—who are pretty sure to "come back"—unless, indeed, a coalition Administration should be formed, pending the establishment of a Business Government. Outside Parliament there is a similar disposition to sink sectional differences in the face of a common peril. Even the militant suffragettes are not immune from the prevailing spirit of truce. During the continuance of the war we are promised an entire cessation of the viraginous propaganda. Thus, if our foes have presumed upon our civil discords, they have reckoned without their host. They thought our "differences" were real. Now they know that we were "only pretending."

The Chancellor's Position.

At moments of international stress individual ministers are rightly debarred from the expression of personal views, but, rumour notwithstanding, it may safely be stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is in wholehearted agreement with the war policy of his colleagues. Upon more than one occasion—despite his peace evangels—he has evinced an acute perception of the German menace, and his Guildhall speech at the time of the Moroccan crisis has become classic in the annals of diplomacy. A "pacificist" by disposition, he, with all his foibles, loves Britain too well to desert her in the hour of her need.

The *Moratorium*.

And that reminds us of the efforts which, with the aid of the banking community, and of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Chancellor has made to relieve the financial stress of the situation. The chief outcome of these deliberations has, of course, been the *moratorium*, as it is clumsily called. It is an expedient of a somewhat primitive nature, and one which works with great hardship on the trading community. But it suits the banks—and that settled it. What a chance Mr. Lloyd George missed of asking about those unclaimed moneys and securities! We wish *we* had been at the conference!

Germans in England.

Perhaps Lord Kitchener will consider whether we are not treating German subjects, resident in Britain, with too *much* courtesy.

The Olive Branch.

The Anglo-German conflict may prove a *deus ex machina* for the final adjustment of the Irish problem. With the first clash of arms the fiercest of our domestic controversies has dwindled into relative insignificance, and the prospect of civil war, real enough a few weeks ago, has become strangely dim and remote. In reliance upon the good faith of the Government, the Opposition will doubtless permit the Home Rule Bill to pass on to the Statute Book before the end of the Session—there to remain as a basis for liberal concession when Parliament is free to return to its consideration. We indicate this course in the belief that, for all Parties, it will prove the path of least resistance, and that its adoption will involve a minimum of fractious debate. In any case a General Election must intervene before the establishment of an Irish Parliament, and meanwhile we are not without hope that the "united front" now presented by the Irish protagonists may presently be adapted to the requirements of peace.

The War Lord.

In time of peace the appointment of Earl Kitchener as Secretary of State for War might have provoked some academic criticism from Party worshippers; but in the hour of desperate urgency the voice of the pedant and the hack is hushed. War is emphatically a "Business" proposition, and in the stress of the coming months we are likely to witness many departures from stereotyped tradition. Meanwhile, the presence at the Ministry of War of Britain's strongest man of arms has already endowed the public with a sense of security which, in itself, is a warlike asset of no mean value. In addition to his acknowledged military genius, Lord Kitchener has displayed qualities of statesmanship which should prove invaluable in the counsels of the Cabinet, to which, in virtue of his office, he will now be admitted. The experience of the last British Ministry which essayed the conduct of a European war without expert military collaboration should serve to disarm any lurking hostility to the present appointment. We compliment Mr. Asquith upon the wisdom of his choice, which accurately reflects the nation's will, and which is in strict accordance with the demand which we have so frequently made.

Happy St. Helens!

For some obscure reason, the St. Helens Justices last week resolved to order the closing of all licensed premises at eight o'clock each evening, including Sundays, and intend to ask the Home Office to sanction and support their action. It will surprise us if the inhabitants (Lancashire folk, mind you) stomach this drastic encroachment upon their liberties without a protest. It will also surprise us if the Home Secretary permits a parcel of local aquapuritans to impose their arbitrary will upon the citizens of the pill metropolis. Nor do we think he has legal power to do so. In any event, they have the trams; and when the curfew sounds there is nothing to prevent St. Helenites seeking solace and refreshments in one of the less Stigginsridden towns in their vicinity, although this will be poor consolation for St. Helens licensed victuallers. After all, we have not *yet* gone mad over the war—and it is well that men should be able to meet and discuss the news over a glass of British beer.

Meals in the House.

Members in the House of Commons are making a virtue of necessity. All the French cooks having left the kitchen for the battlefield, notices are issued that only single meals will be served in the dining-room during the war. For our part, we do not mind how many French cooks cease to roast for the English as long as they give a good roasting to the Germans.

"Bullets" War Prizes. See Attractive and Generous New Offer. Page 24.

Who is D. Robertson?—

One of those strange and loathsome fanatical creatures who, in time of war, creep into the light and try to do their country injury—for conscience sake, or——? Last week the eyes of patriotic Britishers were insulted by the sight of full-page appeals to "Stop the war," published in many well-known Liberal and Unionist newspapers, some of which should have known better. We were not in the least surprised to find it in the *Daily News*, when, in pursuance of a disagreeable daily duty, we opened its pages. But that such journals as the *Manchester Courier* and the *Yorkshire Post* should print the wicked tosh fills us with astonishment. We should like to know a little more about this precious Neutrality League, and its sponsor, who "hangs out" (or deserves to) at 12, St. Bride Street, and the Salisbury Hotel, Fleet Street. We should like to know whether, by chance, he, or the money he has lavished amongst mercenary advertisement managers, *was made in Germany?*

Teetotal Teutons.

According to the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, who recently returned from Germany, there was absolutely no alcoholic liquor being sold, its supply having evidently been forbidden. Mr. Gibbon deduces from this that the "war is going to be a teetotal war on Germany's part." Considering that the Germans were already drunk with arrogance and pride when they entered into the conflict, we think they were wise in denying themselves the extra-excitation of Munich and Pilsener. But, notwithstanding their reported alcoholic abstinence, they have lifted a cup to their lips which will give rise to many a wry face when they reach the bitter dregs. Depend upon it, thousands of them are already regretting the good liquor they wasted in drinking "To the Day!" After all, who can fight on ginger pop?

A Bigot on the Bench.

Mr. Justice Joyce appears to entertain a novel notion of his judicial duties. The *present* Boxing Champion, Georges Carpentier, recently entered into some sort of an agreement with the Liverpool Sporting Association, Limited, who held that the boxer's recent "turn" at the Empire Music Hall was an infringement of their contract rights. The Association instructed counsel to apply in Chambers for "leave to serve short notice of motion" upon Carpentier for an injunction to restrain him from the performance in question, the idea being that a short cut to the desired remedy should be taken, lest in the ordinary process of law it should come too late. The application was a perfectly regular one and should of course have been decided on its merits, but Mr. Justice Joyce unblushingly took his stand upon prejudice, and that of a none too enlightened order. "Entertainments of this kind," he said, "are so disgraceful that no assistance should be given on either side." In other words, the course of justice should be determined, not by equitable rule or legal precedent, but by the whimsical fancy of the occupant of the Bench! The suggestion is preposterous, and we would respectfully remind his Lordship that he is paid to administer the law as he finds it, without regard to his private notions of propriety. No other rule is compatible with his continued tenure of judicial office. Meanwhile, he might do worse than secure a seat for the Stadium on Monday, August 17th—to see Our Boy and Gunboat Smith. And, by the way, has his Lordship *ever* seen a boxing match?

The Kaiser's Brain.

Somewhere at the back of the dictionary there is a lump of Latinity to the effect that whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad. Do you remember the articles we published a year or two ago on the state of the Kaiser's brain?

Honest John and Weeping Willie.

War produces queer contrasts. Here we have John Burns, the blunt, the blusterous, the pugnacious—in times of peace—resigning office because he cannot see eye to eye with the Government in the matter of its war policy, or because of his former associations with the Workmen's Peace Society; and there, on the other hand, is Will Crooks, the lachrymose, the lugubrious—one might even have thought the pusillanimous!—adjuring his working-class supporters at Woolwich to support the Government at all costs and "see the old country through"! What a touchstone of a man's metal is war! We raise our hats to Weeping Willie, realising that there is after all some of the right stuff in his tearful temperament. Or can it be that Woolwich has a special interest? No, banish the thought!

Our Daily Bread.

Whatever happens in the days before us it cannot be too strongly impressed upon the British public that they should not hoard either money or provisions. Those who do so commit a crime against their country, they hinder free circulation of the means of purchase, and send up prices by increasing scarcity among the many that the few may be selfishly filled. In these red days let us share each other's burdens as much as possible. In this way the longer we shall be able to stand the strain and the sooner we shall win through. And really there is no need for anxiety. The Germans cannot cut off our supply from the Atlantic.

"'Nuff Said!"

Every tragedy has its joke. There were the makings of a horrible row on that Saturday night when the news of Germany's declaration of war against Russia spread among the German colony in London. The Herrs and the Fraus had turned out in neighbourly fashion to discuss the situation, when suddenly a little Frenchman appeared in the midst. Nobody knew where he had sprung from. Though it was long odds against him in point of numbers, he began arguing the question with one of the groups. The more he argued and gesticulated the bigger grew the crowd of Germans and the hotter the debate. Presently a stolid British policeman came on the scene and shoved his way into the middle of the Teutonic forum. "Now, then," he cried, authoritatively intervening, "move on there!" That policeman was, in a sentence, expressing the policy of England.

The Palace of Peace.

At this moment there seems no more futile or more fatuous thing in all the world than that magnificent Palace of Peace at The Hague. Its foundations were the Czar's Peace Conference of 1899, followed by the Peace Convention signed by sixteen assembled Powers—which, as Destiny would have it, the Czar was the first to break in his war with Japan. Since then Peace Conference has followed Peace Conference, yet we have had the war of the Balkans, and now commences what looks like being the bloodiest carnage of arms since the Napoleonic wars, with the Czar in it against Austria—at a time when another Peace Conference of the nations was about to meet in the Austrian capital. A month hence the orators would have been pouring out torrents of words smooth as butter and sweet as sugar. When will our own Pacifist cranks learn the lesson?

An Ill Wind?

There is at least one class of the community which is benefiting by the war. We refer to the English waiter, who, now that his French and German rivals have gone to the front, is coming into his own. May he make the most of what will be literally a golden opportunity.

"Bullets." Great New Offer of Special War Prizes. See page 24.

THE DAWN OF BRITAIN'S GREATEST GLORY.

"THE DAY" HAS COME—NOW FOR THE GOLDEN EVENTIDE.

Our readers do not require to be reminded that all which is now happening is strictly in accordance with the prophecies which we have been making, both on the platform and in these columns, during the past five years. Indeed, as we show elsewhere, they are almost uncanny in their precision and accuracy. But it was in vain that we warned. The despotism of Convention, the tyranny of Party, the timidity of the Commonplace, were all against us—and so we spoke as one in the wilderness. God knows that it is with no false sense of pride that to-day we see the fulfilment of our predictions. We are more concerned to hope that to-morrow may not witness the justification of our warnings. We hope The Day has found us ready. If, with the splendid help of France, it has not, then indeed are the pages of our glory closed. But, with that help, we are confident. Dissimilar in temperament, tradition, and, indeed, in all that goes to make up the character of a nation, the two peoples are united—each, indeed, with a different objective—in a common cause. France wants peace for evermore from the military menace of her Teutonic neighbour; we demand an end of Germany's impudent challenge of our sovereignty of the sea.

It has come so suddenly that the magnitude, the ghastly reality, of the thing is not yet fully realised. We are not quite awake even now. We hear the call of the bugle and the beating of the drum and the tramping of the troops, and we scent the powder in the air—but it is all mystery. Men look in each other's eyes and ask—"Is it really true; has 'The Day' really arrived?" And many add—"Then John Bull *was* right." Yes, it *is* true—"The Day" has dawned!

Let every Briton, therefore, gird on his armour. It is not necessary to be a soldier—but it *is* necessary to be a man. There is mental armour and moral armour—more enduring than steel. Gird it on.

Not only by our fleet we won our name,
Not only to our troops we owe our fame,
But to a *people* also who can stand
Firm as the cliffs which guard our sea-girt land;
Firm with a bulldog grit which can abide
The ebb and flow of good and evil tide—
A people which can grimly smile and share
The burdens which its troops and sailors bear;
A people which can still stand firm and strong
When pain and death have silenced every song;
A people which can wear a tightened belt
With greater pride than e'er crowned Cæsar felt;
A people which, like Ajax, can defy
The lightnings of a Continental sky;
A people which as firmly death has faced
As Oates amid the white Antarctic waste;
A people which in this and every age
Smiles at the fury of a giant's rage;
A people which for freedom grimly stands,
But him the best obeys who best commands—
A people firmly braced to meet the shock,
Of Armageddon or of Ragnarök.

Bear those words in mind, on the dawn of this great Day; and look with calm confidence, and firm resolve, to the golden eventide—when the sound of battle shall be silenced, and, with the women and children, we will foregather to talk of the victory—of our dear lost comrades—and the new-born world in which, at last, the Prince of Peace shall be the King.

"The Day" has dawned. The armed forces of Great Britain and Germany are moving swiftly towards the crisis of a conflict which was as inevitably predestined as the process of the suns. At such a moment it behoves the craftsman of the pen to comport himself humbly, disdaining for the nonce the trickery of rhetoric and the artistry of words. Argument, remonstrance and reflection are equally out of place when once we are embarked upon the last dread hazard of nations. What we have to say must be said bluntly and without needless preface. While brave men strike valiant blows for Britain, it is not our purpose to cloud the air with words.

What We Have Said.

We still hold that the bloodguiltiness of Servia has robbed her of all claim upon the sympathies of Europe; and had it been possible to confine the issues of war within the limits of her quarrel with Austria-Hungary, we should still have contended that the intervention of Great Britain was wholly unjustified, if not, indeed, tantamount to the aiding and abetting of crime. "To hell with Servia!" we cried last week, and "To hell with Servia!" we repeat with no less fervour to-day. But in the immensity of the later crisis, the murders of Sarajevo and the murderers of Belgrade have faded into the background. To recall them to-day would be to confuse the issues of the mighty conflict which has been thrust upon us. Nor should we be better employed in discoursing of moral obligations to our Continental friends. Considerations of this sort have doubtless played their part in the counsels of the Government, but they have not been the decisive factor in the situation. They belong rather to diplomacy than to war. We doubt if at this juncture any mere affair of *ententes* could have precipitated a European conflagration. It is not for the love of France nor for the behoof of Russia that we are at death grips with Germany. They who, in common with ourselves, have doubted the wisdom of these Continental entanglements, need have no misgivings upon that score. Our blood and treasure will be spent, not for the mere readjustment of European boundaries or the maintenance of a somewhat illusory "balance of power," but in order that the mightiest of mundane issues may for ever be set at rest. The hour has struck when, by the inscrutable decree of Fate, Britain must wage the war of wars with her mightiest rival for the dominance of the sea. It was for this that Russia was taunted and France invaded. It was for this that the neutrality of Luxembourg and Belgium was insolently violated. With studious deliberation,

Germany has chosen this moment of all others to hurl herself against the might of Britain —mistaken though she was in her calculations. No Government could have evaded the challenge. Had Ministers hesitated for a single hour they would have gone down to history branded indelibly with the mark of infamy. The way of honour led straight to the mouth of the enemy's guns.

THE COLLAPSE OF PARTY.

Nor is this the time for discussion as to our preparedness for war. Men of British blood have painted whole continents red with a military and naval equipment far inferior to that we possess to-day. We have confidence that every ship and every gun will be used to the utmost advantage in whatever circumstances may befall. We are equally certain that our fighting men will enjoy the support and trust of their countrymen at home.

One thing is already to the good. At the first sign of real peril the whole structure of Party pretence has collapsed like a child's castle. The professional Party politicians, by common accord, have agreed to commit suicide. In the face of real crisis they have shrunk into their skins. The great Irish problem—which was to shake the Empire to its foundations—has been shelved; the wide gulf of fundamental difference between Liberals, Tories and the rest of them, has closed up—and there being something of reality to be *done*, Chamberlain and Lloyd George, Carson and Redmond, Asquith and Bonar Law have joined hands, and, in doing so, have unconsciously demonstrated the fact that their Party cries are shams and constitute a menace to the government of the country. It is equally manifest that Parliament, as an instrument of government, is played out. Now that the time for talking has come to an end—and something has to be *done* —it goes home every day at four o'clock, and leaves everything to the Cabinet! And at last adjourns! There is *work* to be done—and the *game* must wait. More prudent than an historic set of players, we have settled first to "end the foe." And a word for the Nationalists and for their leader, to whom in the hurry of getting to press we did less than justice last week. The martyrod cause of Irish Nationalism was never better served than when, in the sight of Britain, John Redmond offered to join hands with Edward Carson for the defence of Erin's shores. Whatever the future course of the Home Rule controversy, nothing can wholly obliterate the memory of that moment. Of the "Labour" Party, and of the ridiculous mountebank who "leads" it—or did—and of the hopeless "Pacificist" cranks who support it, little need be said. Whatever the provocation, let us not mar the truce.

THE OVERSEAS DOMINIONS.

Though yielding to none in our pride of Britain and of her glorious history, we have never been rabid Imperialists in the modern sense of the term. We have been a little nervous of this straddling Colossus of Empire, and at times we have fancied its feet were of clay. But our views upon political relationships with the self-governing Dominions have in no way impaired our sense of kinship with Britons overseas. We have felt, and sometimes said, that the stress of peaceful interests, rather than the shock of war, might some day strain the bonds of Empire to the breaking point. And now comes the news that in our hour of trial the lusty manhood of these nations is rallying in good earnest to the support of the Motherland. The challenge of Potsdam has been heard from Sydney to Montreal, and from Auckland to the Cape. From the four corners of the Empire has come a spontaneous response, full of grim menace for the foes of Britain. We shall not stand alone. Though beset by problems of baffling difficulty, we are a People yet. If our thoughts turn uneasily to the youngest of our Dominions, it is not that we lack faith in the men of our own breed who have peopled that land. For the rest, we shall know how to deal with any emergency which slumbering resentment may produce.

THE OUTCOME.

There can be only one result. This we say in no spirit of braggadocio, but because the alternative is unthinkable. We are fighting, not for shadowy political advantages, not for lust of power, not for the hegemony of Europe, but for our very existence as an independent nation. In this consciousness we shall fight to the death; for compromise would be tantamount to surrender. We shall neither ask nor accept quarter. Germany has chosen her time, and she must abide the consequences. It were unchivalrous to belittle her resources or to question the bravery of her sons. We make no mistake as to the magnitude of the task before us. With a full consciousness of the import of our words, we say quite simply that the German Fleet must be swept from the face of the seas. Her pretensions to the mastery of the waves must be buried ocean deep. No false notions of humanity, or of economy, must be permitted to hinder the work of destruction. It is not we who have drawn the sword, but it shall be sheathed again at our good pleasure. From the close of this war Germany shall use the waterways of the world by the courtesy of Britain. On every sea her pennons shall dip to the Union Jack.

AND AFTER.

There is bound to be a cruel aftermath. No one can gauge the havoc that must be wrought to our peaceful civilisation; but we shall pay the price without blenching. It is the ransom of our nationhood. As we ruefully pick up the threads of our ordered progress, we shall need all the courage we can muster and all the wisdom we can command. We shall be rid of a mighty menace. The race of armaments will have been run, and the palm finally awarded. We shall wear it with humility, strenuously bending our shoulders to the task of reconstruction. The war will spell death to much besides German aggression. From the furnace of conflict a new Britain will emerge. As we stand to-day in the face of an armed foe, so must we stand on the morrow of victory, face to face with its awful cost. Having once felt the ultimate oneness of racial kinship, we must have done for ever with our miserable divisions in Church and State. Having glimpsed the realities of destiny in one blinding flash, we must never revert to the shams and make-beliefs which have polluted our public life and perverted our National purpose. Brave men will have died in their thousands for the love of Britain. Is it too much to ask that the rest of us should learn to live for her in sincerity and honour? Some such thoughts as these must needs arise as we shout in unison for the Flag of our fathers.

God save the King. Confound his enemies and make them fall!

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS —THAT WAS HEARD AT LAST.

OUR WARNINGS AND PREDICTIONS UNHEEDED—UNCANNY ACCURACY OF FORECAST.

Alone amongst journalists, alone amongst public men, have we been warning the nation, during the past five years, of what was coming; and as will be seen from the following pages, we have been deadly correct in our information. As stated elsewhere, we do not reproduce our words in any sense of conceit. Our motive is a far different one. We want, at this crucial time, to impress upon the public mind the fact that we, at any rate, are, and always have been, alive to the true reading of the signs and portents which indicate the destiny of our race. Now let us see what we have said.

We will take first our own Election Addresses to South Hackney, as embodying our calm and considered views.

Our Election Address, January, 1910.

At the January, 1910, election, we were contrasting the cries of the Party politicians with those of the Business Man; and, dealing with the question of armaments, we drew this picture:—

The "Tariff Reformer" and the "Free Trader" gravely wag their heads and say: "We must raise more money for National Defence. Germany is increasing her Navy at such a rate that unless we also keep on building new battleships we shall soon lose our supremacy at sea."

The *Business Man* will reply: "Why on earth, then, don't you ask Germany what her game is? She has no Colonial or over-sea Empire to justify her embarking upon a competition with us in Naval strength, and, *unless she can furnish a satisfactory explanation*, WE HAD BETTER USE OUR POWER, *whilst we have it*, to put an end to the nonsense."

Our Election Address, December, 1910.

Then, at the General Election in the following Decemb , we again referred to the Naval situation:—

The Navy, under a Business Government, would be dealt with by means of a great Naval Loan—which would place the Government in possession of such a fund as would soon put an end to the mad competition of other countries. Britannia would say: "I don't wish to be inquisitive, or to meddle in other peoples' affairs, but *I am the natural mistress of the sea, and I propose to remain so.*"

We need scarcely say that these views were emphasised in the course of both election campaigns.

Albert Hall, 21st October, 1909.

And now let us turn to some of the series of great meetings which we addressed, under the auspices of the old John Bull League. We will start with that remarkable gathering at the great Albert Hall in London, when, on Trafalgar Day, 1909, in the presence of nearly twenty thousand people, we unfolded the Banner of the John Bull League. This is what we said on the subject of naval policy:—

Take the Army; take the Navy: look at the enormous, the ever-growing expenditure. I would say to the other Powers, "Whatever is going to happen in the future, we are to-day the strongest and the richest nation in the world, and there must be an end of this mad race for armaments. If you will not stop it of your own accord, whilst we still have the power we will exercise it." I hope I am not what the world calls a jingo, but I am in favour of utilising our present power before it is overtaken by other countries—countries who have no justification for overtaking it, except a sinister one, of which the least said the better. I am in favour of using that power, and saying to these nations, "If you are not content with your present naval strength, we will see that it goes no further, and we will come now and sink your ships to the bottom of the sea."

We continued to propound this policy at meetings in every part of the Kingdom.

Hackney Empire, 10th June, 1911.

But we will come down to the year 1911, when, at a mass meeting in the Hackney Empire, we again declared our views so far as Germany is concerned. This is what we said:—

A Business Government would thus address Germany: "Hands off that which is ours—ours by right, whether by inheritance or conquest, or purchase, or labour. Hands off our markets! Hands off our ports! Hands off our Empire—out of the way of our ships, or, by Heaven! they shall sink you to the bottom of the sea." And we went on to urge the country to "stop this foolery," and "to take its eyes off the horizon and give heed to the storm clouds gathering over its head."

Crystal Palace, 7th October, 1911.

Some months later, at the Crystal Palace, we dealt again with the German situation:—

Looking abroad—what is the good of mincing matters or refraining from mentioning names?—what is Germany up to? Why have not we a Business man in the Government, who will put to Germany the plain question—what does she want with a big navy?

Malmesbury Unionist Club, 17th February, 1912.

In the following year, at the invitation of the Earl of Suffolk, we went down to Malmesbury, and addressed a meeting on the subject of a Business Government; and thus expressed its policy in regard to the Navy:—

We are indulging in that eternal conflict for armaments with a foreign country. Where is our old British blood? Fifty years ago our forefathers would not for a second have tolerated the idea that their naval supremacy was capable of being challenged. It is not a thing to be thought of, much less negotiated. What would a Business Government do? It would without delay say to Germany, our great rival in naval armaments, "What are you building those ships for? We have no right or wish to interfere with your internal affairs, but building battleships is not internal government. Where is your oversea trade—your Colonial possessions—which justify you in building a navy of the size you are now putting to sea?" And the Business head of the Admiralty, consulting with the Chairman of the great Board of the British Empire, would say to Germany: "Stop this nonsense. By geographical right, by the very exigencies of our existence as an island State, we must be always, and *will* be, the unchallenged mistress of the seas."

At Hull, 18th April, 1913.

We will take just one more meeting—selecting Hull, where, in April, 1913, we made a declaration to which recent events have given special significance:—

How could the present First Lord of the Admiralty understand the intricate machinations of foreign naval Powers? Under a Business Government, having regard to the present position of affairs, no naval Minister would suggest to Germany that we should both take a "naval holiday." Under a Business Government we should say to Germany, "It is time *you* took a naval holiday," and if she replied that she was simply piling up her *Dreadnoughts* to protect her own mercantile marine, we should say, "*Then get out of the North Sea.*"

"THE KING'S REAL SPEECH."

And now, before we come to the warnings which have appeared in these columns during the past few years, we will just remind our readers of the words which we

put into the mouth of his Majesty when, at the opening of Parliament in February last, we published what we called "The King's *Real* Speech."

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Estimates will be laid before you in due course for the expenses of the various public services. I regret that the provocative and unjustifiable naval ambition of certain foreign Powers renders necessary a large addition to the naval strength of the Empire. The only alternative to this course would appear to be for my government to intimate at once to such Powers that in the view of Great Britain their legitimate requirements do not demand any expansion of their naval resources, and to request that in the interests of international peace no further augmentation should occur. I am satisfied that such a representation, supported as it would be by whatever personal influence my own House is capable of exercising with other reigning dynasties, would have the effect of ending the present disastrous race in naval armaments and of liberating for profitable employment vast sums of money now employed on wasteful and unproductive purposes.

"JOHN BULL'S" WARNINGS.

And now we will recall the pith of the warnings which for five years past we have been dinning and dinning and dinning into the ears of the public:—

May 8th, 1909.—Surely if ever there was a time for action it is to-day. Never since the days of the Armada has England been faced with such a menace as is being prepared for her across the North Sea.

May 7th, 1910.—What about the Navy? Are we blind to what is really going on, not only in Germany, but between Germany and Austria? . . . We shall see Germany and Austria knitted in bonds of such close alliance as to render their respective fleets for all practical purposes one.

March 25th, 1911.—Why cannot we take a firm stand, *whilst we have the means of enforcing it*, and say to Germany, "Stop this naval fooling"?

May 13th, 1911.—Another confirmation of our oft-expressed opinion that the only way to put a stop to the present ruinous race for naval supremacy is to *hit now* and *hit hard*. It would be a merciful policy for both countries.

December 2nd, 1911.—Germany must be stopped. Rightly or wrongly we are satisfied that Germany means mischief—mischief, that is, in the sense of territorial and trade aggression, which must of necessity strike at the foundations of our Empire. . . . If we turn to Western Europe, it is natural that Germany should desire to annex Belgium and even Holland.

December 9th, 1911.—In our opinion war is inevitable and Sir Edward Grey knows it. He believes that if it *is* to be prevented, it can only be by the maintenance of what used to be called the balance of power. We believe that to be an illusion—for the reason that the balance may at any moment slip from our hands. . . . We must strike whilst we are still in a favourable position. If we are to consider only which is the lesser of the two evils, war forthwith or war in a few years time, it seems to us that the only possible answer is, let us have it *now*.

December 16th, 1911.—Germany has an increasing and prosperous working population, and to maintain their prosperity they must have some portion of the overseas trade. To get this they want easier access to the sea and their real objective is to get possession of Holland and Belgium. Germany will thus go on increasing her Navy incessantly until she thinks she can humble Great Britain, *seize Holland and Belgium*, and annex what she can of our colonies.

January 13th, 1912.—*Germany is not quite ready.*

February 10th, 1912.—This Empire "sharing out" began in 1890 by Lord Salisbury granting Heligoland to Germany, thus giving her an outlet for her Navy, and depriving us of the power to bottle it up. All we got in return was a worthless concession in Zanzibar. Germany has now a strongly fortified naval base.

February 17th, 1912.—Let us speak plainly—and we speak for the Man in the Street. We are tired of this fooling. GERMANY MEANS MISCHIEF—*but she is not quite ready*—and we are obligingly awaiting her convenience. . . . The time has come when we might, with advantage, tell the Kaiser that we object to his Naval programme; that in our view, as natural mistress of the sea, no further German ships are justified; *and that they must not be built.* A similar hint to Austria would not be out of place.

May 25th, 1912.—In welcoming the Kaiser's new Ambassador, the first thing a Business Government would do would be to intimate to him in the most friendly, but at the same time firm, tone that we should like an explanation of why Germany requires those additional ships. *It is nothing short of madness on the part of the Government to permit them to be built.*

August 3rd, 1912.—Grin and snigger as you will, but what we write is TRUTH. Yes, we may as well face it. *War with Germany is inevitable*, and the only question is—Shall we consult her convenience as to its date?

August 10th, 1912.—Of course, the general press affects to ignore us, but that attitude will not last long. We have something to say, shortly, which will open their eyes. *War with Germany is coming.*

November 9th, 1912.—*Germany is our enemy: Germany means mischief: Germany is awaiting her opportunity—and we are losing ours.*

March 1st, 1913.—Germany *will remain a party to the Triple Alliance just so long as she can use Austria and Italy as her tools for her machinations in Europe.*

March 8th, 1913.—Perhaps the country will now begin to realise the true force of the warnings we have been giving it for the past two years, and the need for dropping the vapid rot of Party platitudes and *of getting to business with Germany.* Satisfied that he is in a better position to strike to-day. . . . *Emperor William is now turning his attention to the two nations who will be our allies in the coming fight*—France and Russia. That is the whole explanation of the Big Army move now going on. *Then, with the help of Austria, which will undoubtedly join forces with her, Germany will come out in her true colours.*

April 19th, 1913.—Once more we assert that the German Empire is rapidly mustering mighty resources for a death struggle with Great Britain.

December 6th, 1913.—*Germany means mischief.* In inviting Germany to join us in a shipbuilding holiday Mr. Churchill was preparing for his speech on the Estimates—when he will say to the cranks sitting just below him, "Look how I have tried to cut expenses down—*but they won't let me;* therefore I am powerless. So please forgive me." . . . Wherefore let us repeat: *Germany means mischief.*

January 17th, 1914.—Mr. Churchill is on his trial. *A very few months will determine his place in history.* . . . Let the Chancellor preach—while others mount the guns.

February 7th, 1914.—In this issue we publish a special article—"Germany's Game Exposed"—showing how the Kaiser was doing his best to undermine the *entente* with France.

April 4th, 1914.—In support of his naval policy, the Emperor has just contributed £5,000 to the funds of the German Navy League, and has authorised the holding of a lottery which it is calculated will raise a further £20,000. When *will* our legislators wake up?

July 11th, 1914.—As long as German naval policy remains what it is to-day—and there are no indications of change—there can be no true friendship between us. It is no earthly use blinking this fact.

Such, then, is the voice which has been crying in the wilderness. Thank Heaven, it has been heard at last!

"OH, IT'S TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS."

CALLOUS TREATMENT OF A JERSEY SOLDIER.

At the present time the treatment of our soldiers is a question of first importance. Now, Port Regent in Jersey, the home of the Garrison Artillery, is about as dreary and dismal a place as any in which a British soldier can be fated to live. But a soldier has his duty to perform, wherever and in whatever conditions he is ordered to serve his country and his King. Gunner Clegg, of the Garrison Artillery, had always done his duty faithfully and well. Eight years has he done service, mostly abroad, and he is now in his last year. He can look on his record unashamed. Away across the waters at Barrow, in England, his mother lay dying, constantly calling for her boy, who never, never came. For years she had not seen him; the knowledge that if he did not come soon he would come too late increased her frantic appeals for a sight of him before she passed away. The lad's father telegraphed to Port Regent appealing to his son to ask for leave. But leave had been stopped; company training had begun. Gunner Clegg pleaded hard to his Company Lieutenant. "No," and again "No," was the answer. Once more he tried, and this time the Lieutenant relented to the extent of putting the case before the Officer Commanding. Never mind a dying mother. What business had a common soldier to have a dying mother, or a dying mother to have a soldier son? Company training was much more important. All leave had been stopped. The Commander was adamant. No exception could be made. The answer was "No." Gunner Clegg's mother must die without seeing him, if die she must. The following day a still more imploring telegram reached him. Still the Commanding Officer refused leave. With his hand at the salute and his heart numbed, Gunner Clegg remained at his duty.

Telegram after telegram followed; appeal after appeal in vain; every telegram marking the fainter and fainter drawing of that precious breath of life over the waters. At last the tale was told; the mother had passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, calling, while strength remained, for her boy. "Mother dead," was the knell of the wires. "Can you come to the funeral?" Again the gunner went to his superior officer and put the telegram before him. "You would not give me leave while she was dying," he cried. "Will you give me leave to see her now that she is dead?" The Company Lieutenant approached the Commander again. The man without a heart again said "No." Nothing would move him. A private soldier's dead mother mattered even less than a dying one. Tortured by the callous indifference of the Commanding Officer to his sorrow and his suffering, Gunner Clegg disappeared. He had not long disappeared when he was missed. He had boarded a vessel for Weymouth. But the telegraph travels faster than the ship.

As he stepped ashore he was seized and put into prison as an absentee—by orders. A few days later came another vessel from Jersey; an escort stepped across to the prison and presently returned aboard again, with Gunner Clegg in its midst. Neither dying nor dead had he seen his mother; now he was to face the stern judgment of the man without a heart.

"Five days' imprisonment and a day's loss of pay," was the decision on his arrival at Port Regent Garrison. The Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey heard of it, and the Lieutenant-Governor, the representative of the King, has a heart. He remitted the punishment. Is this the way to treat a soldier? Is it humane? Is it tactful? Is it helpful to discipline? Think you that the Officer Commanding would have treated a subordinate officer of the Garrison as he treated this gunner? Think you that if his own mother had been dying within a few hours' sail of his place of duty, he would have hesitated to apply for leave of absence, or that if he had applied it would have been refused? In this anxious time of war the story must end with the question unanswered. We will not further criticise the Commanding Officer. Gunner Clegg will have the sympathy of every soldier in the ranks, and of most people outside them.

"John Bull in Crankyland"
NEARLY OUT OF PRINT.

BRITANNIA'S CALL.

As Britannia was quietly resting,
Tired with a hundred wars,
She heard a sound through the silence,
Menacent, from foreign shores;
She rose, and her eyes were blazing
As she lifted her head above,
And gave the Call to her Empire—
The Call of Duty and Love!

Come! 'tis the Call of the Empire!
Rally from East and West!
Come! for your country calls you
To aid, and who can rest?
We come! was the instant answer
Of her children o'er the seas:
We come to guard the Flag that's braved
The Battle and the Breeze!

Then soft through the following silence
Came the sound of marching feet,
And it swelled like the mighty thunder
Of waves where the waters meet:
And the trembling earth was shaken,
As it is where the waters fall—
'Twas the march of the Empire's children
Who has answered Britannia's Call!

Come! 'tis the Call of the Empire!
Rally from East and West!
Come! for your country calls you
To aid, and who can rest?
We come! was the instant answer
Of her children o'er the seas:
We come to guard the Flag that's braved
The Battle and the Breeze!

From East and from West they came marching,
From South and from icy North.
With hearts all eager for duty
Our braves came marching forth!
And as long as the seas surround us,
So it will ever be—
Britannia's sons will rise to guard
The Empire of the Free!

Come! 'tis the Call of the Empire!
Rally from East and West!
Come! for your country calls you
To aid, and who can rest?
We come! was the instant answer
Of her children o'er the seas:
We come to guard the Flag that's braved
The Battle and the Breeze!

WALTER MOORE.

WOLVERHAMPTON WOLVES.

LABOUR EXCHANGE OFFICIAL'S PETTY SPITE.

A Wolverhampton reader has recently been treated in a despicable manner by certain officials in that district. It may be that into this particular case a little personal feeling enters, but whether this is so, or whether it is the usual treatment meted out to workmen in that locality, the incident is highly reprehensible. Our correspondent is a qualified engineer, and in April last he, for quite adequate reasons, left his employment and applied for the Unemployment Benefit under the Insurance Act, which was refused. He then appealed to the Court of Reference, and his appeal was upheld. Thinking the matter at an end he applied for payment, but he was refused, and informed that the question was again to be referred to the Court of Reference, notwithstanding that that tribunal had already given its decision. He, therefore, wrote to one of the Adjudicators, who replied that it had been decided that he was entitled to his money, and that he could not see why the Divisional Officer refused to pay. However, the matter eventually came before the Court again, when the Chairman expressed surprise that the benefit had not been paid, and the officials were directed to do so. Since this, payment has been applied for and is even now refused. It is time that the Divisional Officer concerned was removed from his high horse.

Ten "Bullets" War Prizes of £25 each to be won this week.

TOO, TOO MODERN.

ASTOR'S ASTONISHING ASSERTIONS.

At 5, Denning Road, London, N.W., is domiciled the Modern Business Institute, whereof the Director-General is a Mr. Astor, which name alone is impressive.

The Modern Business Institute professes to explain "How Everyone Can Make Money" by aid of the advice given in a publication entitled, "Ways of Making Money," the price of which precious publication is "£3 nett." We have before us a printed summary of the contents of this invaluable volume, which contains sixty plans for acquiring wealth, "and the Author, for his own reasons, starts the numbering with Plan No. 27." A glance at this summary provides amusing reading for a spare moment. We will make a random selection.

"Plan No. 48. 1,000 PER CENT. PROFIT in this Plan; complete Formula, etc."

"Plan No. 63. SPARE TIME HOME WORK, so EASY, even children can do this and earn 650 per cent."

"Plan No. 68. BY EXPLOITING this Plan you're a BENEFACTOR to the WHOLE of MANKIND, besides making money for yourself."

"Plan No. 75. A NICE MAIL ORDER BUSINESS that will yield a good income if properly pushed. Do not use your brains and best efforts to enrich others." (What about Plan 68 above?)

"Plan No. 77. ONE MILLIONAIRE this PLAN has MADE, and no one has copied him. WHY NOT YOU? (And why not the Director-General of the Institute?

"Plan No. 82. HONOURABLE (We trust this is not the only one that is honourable) DIGNIFIED AND FASCINATING. Once established it works while you are asleep."

"Plan No. 84. Not only a FORTUNE IN THIS, BUT A BOON to HUMANITY."

Such are a few of the "plans." Now it is only fair to glance at one or two of the "letters of commendation." Mr. A. G. Bailey, of 4, Baycliff Terrace, Weymouth, writes:

> Many thanks for your kind attention in forwarding your book *Ways of Making Money* on Saturday last, the day on which it was requested to be sent. I AM SURE the book is INVALUABLE and anyone with a little common-sense can understand every word that is printed therein.

We are highly gratified to know that every word printed in the book can be understood.

One more "letter of commendation," headed from "Crescent Lane, Dundee," dated November 4th, 1913, and signed "Alex. Lowden":—

> I have received your great work of 28 *Ways of Making Money* and I am feeling Entirely Satisfied and here tender to you my Sincere Thanks.

Here, again, for our own part, we shall not feel "Entirely Satisfied" until we are informed by which plan Mr. Lowden has, since November last, acquired wealth.

All things considered, the Modern Business Institute smells somewhat too strongly of the modern business methods of certain Yankee practitioners now in this country to be pleasing to our nostrils.

A FOWL DEED.

MR. BELL'S WARNING NOTE.

We are informed that a few days ago the following proclamation was posted up outside the members' dining-room at the National Liberal Club:—

> NOTICE TO DINING-ROOM WAITERS.
>
> No Saturday evening off until the waiter who took the Wing of Fowl Friday evening from the dining-room dish confesses or is found out. Signed M. BELL.

We advise the culprit to confess, and claim an amnesty for his crime on account of the war. Owing to the departure of the House of Commons French cooks for the front, we can quite understand National Liberals feeling somewhat sore about the loss of a wing portion from their Club dining-room; but to dock the innocent of their Saturday evenings off seems to us to be carrying punishment to the length of vindictiveness. Suppose it was the National Liberal cat? Should it prove to have been, the right man is in the right place. If Mr. Bell cannot be depended upon to bell the cat, who can?

RESOURCEFUL ROYAL RESERVIST.

WE ARRANGE A WAR WEDDING.

There is at least one private soldier in the 6th Battalion Royal Fusiliers who is possessed of initiative—just the sort of man who would be invaluable as a scout. He received his mobilisation papers on August 4th, and they found him in a bit of a fix. In casual employment, he had loved not wisely but too well; the consequences being that he was saving up his spare sixpences to get married. Upon receipt of the papers, he had paid 9s. 6d. on account of a guinea wedding ring, and got together a few sticks of furniture. What was to be done? Not being able to answer the question satisfactorily, he consulted his "wife." Of course she cried—soldiers' "wives" usually do—and not without cause, for they cannot obtain separation allowance when their "husbands" are away. Not having a licence to perform the function of motherhood, they are unrecognised, not only by the military authorities, but by relief societies also. In the circumstances, it is not surprising that the Fusilier wished to get married—and that quickly. But how? Someone pointed out to him a paragraph in the newspapers in which it was stated that the Archbishop of Canterbury had given permission for Doctor's Commons, Knightrider Street, to be open day and night in order to accommodate people who were proceeding to the front, and desired to tie the nuptial knot first. So down to Knightrider Street he rushed—but, alas! his hopes were dashed to the ground. The authorities demanded two guineas! The soldier who was going out to fight for his country hadn't even two brass farthings. He put on his thinking cap, however, and made his way to our offices. And here he told his story. Ten minutes was long enough for us to get in touch with the kindly Registrar, who entirely waived his own fee, we supplying the balance, and seeing the soldier well and truly wed. He is now off to the front with a light heart. May he have luck, and soon return!

MEINZELF UND GOTT.

[The following verses were written by Mr. McGregor Rose at the time of the Boer war; and a certain officer was, through the direct influence of the Kaiser, cashiered for singing them.]

Der Kaiser of dis Vaterlandt
Und gott on high all dings command;
Ve two—ach! Doan't you underschtand?
Meinzelf—und gott.

Vile some men zing der power divine,
Mein soldiers zing "Der Wacht am Rhein"
Und drink der healt in German vine
Of Me—und gott.

Dere's France, she svagger all aroundt,
Vor eating vrogs she vos venowndt.
To much I dink she doandt amoundt—
Meinzelf—und gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
Budt if she should I'll sho her blain
Dot Elsass und all French Lorraine
Vos mein—by gott.

Dere's grandma dinks she's nicht schmall poer
Mit Boers und such she inderfere,
Soon I vill own der hemisphere—
Meinzelf—und gott.

She dinks, goodt frau, some ships she got
Und soldiers—dey vos Tommy-rot!
Ach! I vill sendt dem all to pot,
Meinzelf—und gott.

In dimes of peace I vork up vars,
Mein vas der helm und spear of Mars,
Vat care I vor den douzand Czars,
Meinzelf—und gott?

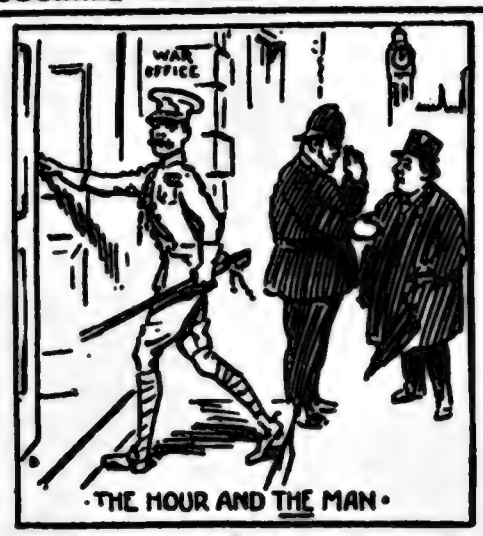
Von King dere vos, und I vos Him
Mit aspeedt dark und visage grim,
Gott pulls mit Me and *I* mit him,
Budt I vos firsdt—by gott!

All our Readers may see "Our Boy." Thousands of Shilling Seats.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

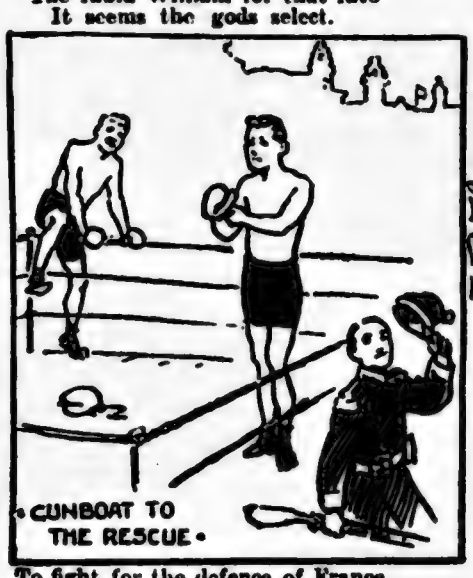
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

Those whom the gods wish to destroy
With madness they infect;
The rabid William for that fate
It seems the gods select.



"Make way for Kitchener!" cries Bull,
And leads him through the crush
To the War Office straight away,
And gives Haldane the push.

Amongst the hero nations now
Belgium has won a place;
Her brave resistance amply proves
Hers is a gallant race.



To fight for the defence of France,
For which his fathers bled,
Carpentier goes—so "Gunboat" Smith
Will meet Ahearn instead.

The mass of "Human Documents"
Due to the war will be
Enormous, but JOHN BULL will try
To ease their misery.

When peril threatens Britain's shores
Our foes find out too late
That Party squabbles are forgot,
And all are for the State!

A NATIVE INDUSTRY.

THE CADGING NIGGERS OF SECCONDEE.

Seccondee—on the Gold Coast—does not appear to be of any great importance in itself, but in one respect the place would seem to be unique, for it is the headquarters of a number of cadging niggers, who, when they tire of the social amenities of African life—or of taking in each other's washing—apparently combine forces with a view to fleecing the unfortunate inhabitants of Great Britain. The enterprising natives have recently been writing to winners of prizes in our "Bullets" competitions. Their letters profess much love and esteem, and—what is more to the point—ask for various gifts in kind. Anything, it would seem, will do, even a Methodist hymn book! But in most cases the requests are quite modest, and it is only fair to state that, in return, the nigger correspondent invariably promises to send back native curiosities—"gold rings," for instance, and cake! Whether these things would ever reach the trusting Britisher is, however, another matter.

Though these communications are signed by different names, are in varying handwriting, and hail from separate addresses, they all tell the same tale, and express the same suspicious affection for the stranger. Of course the system is not new, and the methods of the niggers are too crude to do very much harm. Indeed, if one can ignore the questionable element, the letters make rather humorous reading. For instance, one of the correspondents signs herself "Miss S. P. Addison" and writes "for love's sake," while a "buck" refers to his correspondent's "lovely name!"

BILKING A BRIGHTON SKIPPER.

A VERY OFFICIOUS OFFICIAL.

A few weeks ago a vessel belonging to the Brighton fishing fleet—*The Shades of Evening*—was making for market with a catch of mackerel, when three miles from shore the skipper noticed a small boat flying a signal of distress. He at once altered his course and took the boat in tow. A stiff breeze had sprung up from the north, and the occupants of the little craft, a lady and a gentleman, stood a very poor chance of ever reaching the land without this help. When, however, they got near the Palace pier an official of the Brighton Deep Sea Anglers' Society put off in a motor boat, came alongside, gave orders for the towing rope to be cut, and then, removing the distress signal, took the boat ashore. The skipper's complaint is that after he and his crew had wasted an hour and a-half of valuable time they were deliberately robbed of their prize in a most insulting manner. He has since endeavoured to get some recompense, but so far the occupants of the boat—one of whom is a member of the B.D.S.A.S.—have not thought fit to show any appreciation of the crew's services. But for the cutting of the rope the boat would have been salved, and the crew would have received a share of the salvage money. What has the official in question to say? The skipper could easily substantiate his claim, but, this being the busy season, it would not be worth his while to do so. The incident has caused much comment and dissatisfaction among the fishing folk of Brighton. We commend the matter to the serious attention of the inhabitants.

The Great Fight. ***The Date*, Monday, August 17. *The Place*, The Shepherd's Bush Stadium.**

A FOUL TRAP.

DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOUR OF AN IRISH OFFICIAL.

We have, time and again, protested against the intrusion of the *agent provocateur* into the domain of English law, and in relation to infringements of the Shop Hours Act we have suggested counter proceedings against officials who have not scrupled to employ the meanest artifices in their attempts to entrap unsuspecting tradesmen into breaches of the law. In at least one instance our advice has been accepted, and the legality of these contemptible methods will shortly be argued before a competent tribunal. Meanwhile, a particularly flagrant instance of the same abuse is reported from Kanturk, County Cork, where Mr. Timothy F. O'Connell was recently charged with certain offences against the Pharmacy Act and the Sale of Poisons Act. In the first place it was alleged that the defendant had "kept open a shop for the sale of poisons, he not being a duly qualified person in that behalf." It was further complained that he had "compounded medicine, to wit, laudanum, contrary to Pharmacy Act."

It may be argued that these were serious offences. In general we subscribe to this view, but we certainly hold that the methods employed to procure the conviction of O'Connell were wholly unwarranted and gravely inimical to the public interest. The principal witness for the prosecution was one Patrick Nutler, formerly a Sergeant in the Royal Irish Constabulary and now employed as an Inspector by the Pharmaceutical Society of Ireland. The extraordinary evidence tendered by this individual is usefully summarised in the following extract from a local press report of the proceedings:—

> He called at the defendant's shop at about 3.30 p.m. and asked for a belladonna plaster, with which he was supplied. He then mentioned to Mr. O'Connell that he had a very bad tooth and that he dreaded spending a bad night with it and he asked him for some laudanum for it. He got six-pennyworth in the bottle produced. He called in again at about 11 o'clock the next evening and told Mr. O'Connell he was not feeling well and said his stomach was out of order, and he asked Mr. O'Connell to prescribe for it. Mr. O'Connell declined and recommended him to Dr. O'Leary. He went to the doctor, got a prescription from him, and returned to Mr. O'Connell, whom he asked to make it up for him. O'Connell did so and witness then told him that he had spilled the laudanum he got the previous day and asked him for a further supply. Defendant was about to give him a "mixture" but he objected to this, whereupon O'Connell gave him the bottle of laudanum produced.

In the witness box the Inspector was not ashamed to acknowledge the authorship of this amazing tissue of lies. On the contrary, he appeared rather proud of his performance, and under further examination was nothing loth to amplify his sorry confession of cunning and deceit. He admitted that he had appealed throughout to the sympathy of the defendant, who had supplied his wants out of pity for his supposed sufferings and with the greatest reluctance.

For the defence it was contended that the methods employed by the prosecution should serve to put them out of Court and to procure the acquittal of O'Connell. In any case, it was submitted, no more than a nominal fine should be imposed. The accused was a dentist by profession, but he had formerly carried on the business of a chemist and druggist with the aid of qualified assistants, the concern being registered as a company in the manner prescribed by law. He had lately retired from this line of trade, and there was evidence to show that he had honestly abandoned its pursuit. It seems to be the practice of the Pharmaceutical Society to keep a close watch upon tradesmen who, without personal qualifications, have engaged in the sale of drugs, and Nutler was therefore put "on the scent." Having failed to discover evidence of impropriety, the Inspector, as we have seen, abandoned all scruple and strove to entrap the defendant into breaches of the law which he would never otherwise have contemplated. In these circumstances we think it a matter for regret that the Magistrates should have given effect to the severe penalties prescribed by the Pharmacy Act, by imposing fines amounting in all to £14 with a further £5 for costs. We learn that a third part of the penalties inflicted will find its way into the pocket of the Inspector. This may account for Nutler's unholy zeal. An officer of his stamp will wade through much dirt for a five pound note.

FINED FOR NO CRIME.

A TRUMPED-UP CHARGE AT CHESTERFIELD.

A Chesterfield reader has had a brush with the law in circumstances which may be of general interest. Upon a recent half holiday he wandered into Markham Park, a delightful sylvan retreat which forms part of an estate held by a brother of Sir Arthur Markham, M.P. He had just settled himself for a quiet read, when he was accosted, none too politely, by an officer of police, who informed him that the land was "private" and that his presence constituted a trespass upon the rights of the owner. A lively altercation ensued, and the intruder was ultimately required to leave the park, his name and address having first been taken. It does not appear that he had been guilty of any legal offence, beyond a simple trespass, nor had he declined to quit the enclosure when requested to do so. He was therefore much surprised when a few days later he received a police-court summons. Most people are aware that the warning "trespassers will be prosecuted" is devoid of legal warrant, though in practice it has rarely been found difficult to convict a troublesome interloper of some technical offence involving penal consequences. In the case before us, however, there does not seem to have been the least justification for the course adopted by the Chesterfield Police. It is clear from the wording of the summons that the offence alleged was a purely "constructive" one, having little or no foundation in actual fact. It was complained of the defendant that.—

> On the 17th day of June, 1914, at the Parish of Tapton in the said County of Derby, he did unlawfully and wilfully commit damage, injury and spoil to and upon certain growing grass there, belonging to Charles Paxton Markham, thereby doing injury to the said Charles Paxton Markham to the amount of sixpence.

We cannot believe that this ridiculous charge was advanced with the knowledge or approval of the owner of the estate. Obviously the only way in which the defendant could have committed "damage, injury or spoil" upon the "growing grass" was by sitting on it for a few minutes, and thus impairing its upstanding splendour. The utmost ingenuity of the police could extract no more than six pennyworth of damage from the catastrophe. In these circumstances the Bench should have at once dismissed the trumpery charge, which was wholly unsupported by evidence of "wilful damage" in the natural and proper sense of the term. Instead, they thought fit to fine the defendant one shilling and to saddle him with the expenses of the prosecution. By some weird process of calculation which we do not pretend to understand, the "costs" were made to amount to fourteen shillings. It is highly regrettable that the defendant, a man of slender means, should have been subjected to this severe monetary penalty for no worse offence than a harmless stroll upon the land of a wealthy neighbour, and we venture to hope that Mr. Charles Markham will find an early opportunity of disclaiming the vexatious action of the police. Meanwhile, the smallness of the fine imposed was tantamount to an admission by the Bench that no tangible offence had been committed. In these circumstances they should have remitted the costs of the prosecution, as they are statutorily empowered to do where a fine of less than five shillings is awarded.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

"I have not yet seen one word of amendment in your Letter Bag. You thought fit to hold me up to ridicule in your 'Gems' because I said *always and in every case should be reverenced the Name of Almighty God*—and that therefore my 'Bullet' ought to have the Premier Prize, 'Salute the Flag: God help Us,' was my Bullet. So now don't think I shall allow the matter to rest to insult me because I said that. *What do you think of it now*, when 'Our Flag' is opened out to horrid war? Will you '*Salute*' and won't you jolly well say '*God help Us*'? I tell you again you must send me the Premier Prize £500, and look sharp, too, about it."

Our Great Boxing Contest. Gunboat Smith takes Carpentier's place. See page 14.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.]

To His Majesty George V. of Great Britain.

Sire,—Now that the first shock of war reverberates around your throne, the hearts of your people are drawn to you as the visible head of the State and the depositary of its Imperial traditions. Nor are there wanting signs that in a more intimate and personal sense you have won the confidence and respect of the nation. Thanks to your prudent Kingcraft and to the loyal honour which was your priceless heritage, the Throne of Britain stands to-day foursquare to all the world. In the fierce conflagration now kindling over Europe, age-long dynasties may be swept headlong into the abyss. For you the rude assault of war can have no such terrors. In the dark hour of conflict, as in the heyday of peace, we hail you as our hereditary President and our honoured Prince. God Save your Majesty!

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., Prime Minister.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—I need hardly assure you that you have all my sympathy in this hour of stress. Whatever course events may take, and however severely our endurance may be taxed, I shall speak naught but encouragement to "the man at the wheel." I have differed from you upon important questions of domestic policy, but I may fairly claim that I have never questioned your splendid patriotism, your noble nature, nor your loyal devotion to the public weal. The perils which now beset us have been none of your seeking. No word of yours contributed to the genesis of the conflict. In conjunction with Sir Edward Grey, you strove honourably for peace with a Power resolved on war. With unfailing judgment you hailed the vital moment when the overtures of friendship must give place to the threat of war. Whatever the future may hold of triumph or disaster, you have played your part for Britain. Behold how, amid the strain and stress of vital necessities, the nation demands and responds to the magic touch of Business Government! Think of all the measures which have been taken in these last days to assert the might and honour and interests of the Kingdom in arms. Swift and unimpeded decisions for battle, votes of credit, plans for dealing with the financial position, then food supply, trade and commerce—what would have been the position of the country if all these things had been subjected to the delays and tactics and subterfuges of Party Government as we knew it but a few days ago? Each of these measures would have been debated, challenged, obstructed at every turn—not because they were wrong, but because it was "the game." The people of this country have never had a more vivid or a more valuable lesson in the priceless treasure of non-party Business Government than they have to-day. We no longer raise difficulties to impede our own progress; the mountains are made low, the crooked paths are straight and the rough places smooth. This is not the evolution of years, dear Mr. Asquith; it is the miracle of days. And proud am I if, in a small way, I have played a part in bringing it about. Of the rest we will speak later. Good luck and good health attend you in these weary, trying hours.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty.

Dear Mr. Churchill,—At this hour, I am happy to remember that you, at least, have ever been alive to the reality of the German menace. From your accession to office at the Admiralty I have given you my steadfast support, believing that the great trust of naval power was safe in your keeping. Now that the supreme test is upon us, I hasten to renew my expressions of confidence and, at the same time, I would beg you to convey my warmest greetings to the officers and men of the Fleet. No words can convey the deep sense of obligation felt by everyone of us at this moment to these brave fellows who may be called to face a hell of carnage and destruction for the love of Britain and the honour of the Flag. Deeply we deplore the necessity for strife. Steadfastly and with unfailing courage we enter it, and abide the outcome.

John Bull.

To Earl Kitchener of Khartoum, F.M., K.P., Secretary of State for War.

Dear Man,—Many thanks for responding so quickly to the appeal I made to you last week, to come to our help in this crisis by taking over the reins of the war horse. For five years I have been saying that one of the first principles of the Business Government, for which I plead, would be to place a military genius of your stamp at the head of the War Office, and it is typical of the great progress which my cause is making that in our hour of stress the Party politicians, rightly reading the public mind, should have placed the Key of the Office in your hands. How you must have smiled when you read the pathetic assurance of the Prime Minister that this step was not to be taken as a declaration by you of Liberal principles! What care you about such tosh? You are a soldier, and a military organiser, and have no time or inclination for the foolery and fraud of Party politics. And when you have finished off the Germans, you will perhaps be good enough just to look round the War Office and furnish a report as to what you think of it. I hear that there has been much anxiety already in some of the "Departments," for fear you should unexpectedly drop in! But that will wait. First give the country an object lesson in Business Government—a soldier at the War Office; then soon we shall have a Sailor at the Admiralty; a Financier at the Exchequer; a Commercial man at the Board of Trade—in fact an Expert in its work at the head of every branch of the public service. *That* is Business Government. Good luck and God bless you.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P.

Dear Mr. Bonar Law,—At this supreme moment in our Imperial destiny you have acted in a manner entirely worthy of the best traditions of our race. Had you been invited to share the direct responsibility of office, you could scarcely have behaved with more admirable restraint. It is because Britain has ever been rich in men of patriotic fibre that she has escaped the worst results of an absurd and antiquated system of internal rule. No man can with certainty predict the course of the present conflict nor say how soon it may be possible to return the sword to its scabbard. It *may* chance that ere the final adjustment the caprice of an unstable electorate may have placed you in the seat of power. In such an event, and till the honour of Britain be finally vindicated, you will enjoy the same unwavering allegiance as we are all giving to your Party "enemies." But after it is all over, we will sit quietly down and admit what fools and humbugs we have been in the past, won't we? And we will unite in an honest, sane Business system of Government—in which I have no doubt there will be room for you. You are at present quite out of place playing the Party game, and I am sure that, in your heart, you detest it.

John Bull.

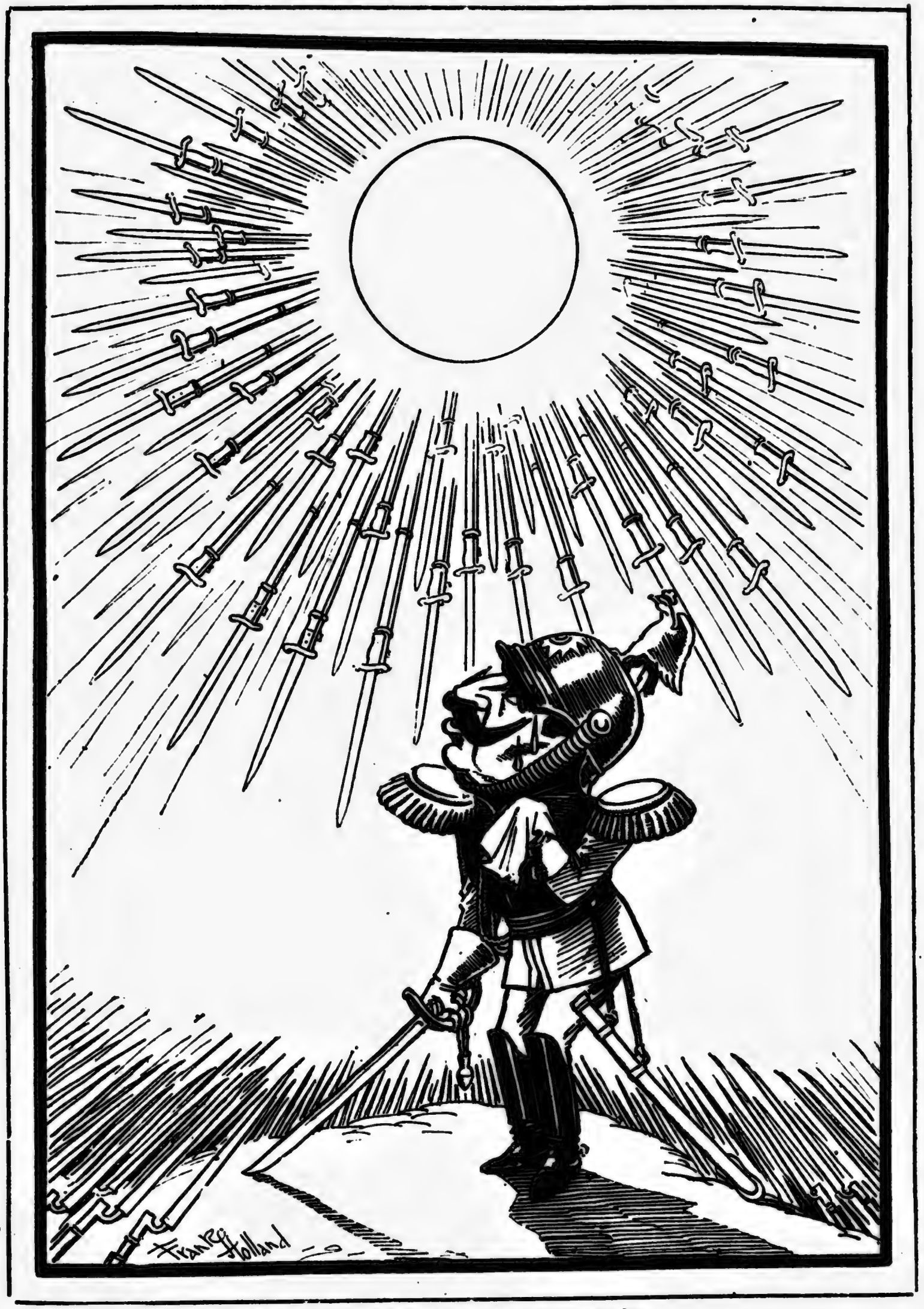
To der Baron Kuhlman, Counciller German Embassy, ex London.

Mine Herr Baron,—I spose you go back to der Vaterlandt mit der Prince Lichnowsky, eh? Dot vhas der man I like goodt for ambassador, und I zay not von vordt aboudt him dot make me sorry I zay it; no. Budt you—*Entchuldigen Sie*—you make me laugh dill I myself schplit, as I see you aroundt come mit dose kreat jokes heavy like der elephant. You der von only man in der whole German Embassy one dot I zee grin through der horse collar at der var game like anydings. You vink oop your own schleeve; you tink dere vos somedings I kno of noddings; you schpy some kreen in mine eye dot vos not dere; you zay to yourzelf, mit der sly finger at der nose dot der *Englaender* vos a born ass vor your Kaiser der Var Lordt to ride on ofer Luxembourg, und Belgium, und Holland, und Switzerland, und France, hidding all der peoples dot done nodings und said nodings to hurdt nobody in der eye mit der mailed fist. Vell, dot not so vos, mine Herr Baron. Der joke oop der wrong schtreet vos. Der laugh of der Englaender not adt der joke vos, no; it adt you vos, und dot is vhy der German Eagle down vrom der Embassy door come und you back to der Vaterlandt go mit a sore ear. By der dime you to England once more come I dink perhaps dot you run oudt of German jokes haff. Dill then, *Leben Sie wohl!*

John Bull.

"Bullets" War Prizes. See Attractive and Generous New Offer. Page 24.

A PLACE IN THE SUN.



"There is no flying hence or tarrying here,
I 'gin to be aweary of the Sun."—*Macbeth.*

THE GREAT BOXING CONTEST.

GUNBOAT SMITH TO TAKE CARPENTIER'S PLACE—A SPLENDID PRELIMINARY TRIAL—WELCOME OUTLET FOR THE COUNTRY'S PENT-UP EXCITEMENT.

Since our last issue much has happened in connection with the great Boxing Contest which had been fixed at the Shepherd's Bush Stadium for Monday evening next, the 17th inst. Carpentier has been called to the Colours in France, with the result that his meeting with Young Ahearn for the heavy-weight championship of the world must necessarily be adjourned until after the war—when, as was the case until the outbreak of hostilities, there is no doubt the French Government will grant him special leave, in order that he may pursue his wonderful boxing career. We had the pleasure of presiding at a farewell luncheon to him on the day of his departure, and the last thing he did, before stepping into the train, was warmly to shake Young Ahearn by the hand and express the hope that their match would not be long delayed. In the meantime, he has bound himself by contract not to box anyone else before the postponed match takes place.

The New Arrangements.

In these circumstances, we had to consider the possibility, notwithstanding Carpentier's enforced absence, of giving the public a sight of our protégé. We consulted eminent experts and authorities, and they were unanimous in the view that it would be an enormous attraction to secure Carpentier's late opponent, Gunboat Smith, and see what Ahearn could do with him. We accordingly approached Mr. Buckley, Gunboat's manager, who, in true sporting spirit, agreed that his man should step into the breach; and in a few hours Articles were signed taking over the match. Everybody is dissatisfied with the Olympia result, the Gunner's friends maintaining that their champion knocked Carpentier out in the sixth round, and the Frenchman's party, on the other hand, declaring that his opponent should have been counted out in the fourth. If, however, Ahearn is anything like the boxer we believe him to be, he should be capable of solving the mystery. We need scarcely say that he is confident of putting up at least as good a fight as Carpentier. Whilst fully appreciating the superior weight and the enormous punching power of the American champion, he thinks these advantages will be counteracted by his own quickness in the ring, whilst he adds that he himself possesses "a punch hard enough for the biggest man in the world to enjoy." And, from the photograph we reproduce above, it will be seen that Gunboat Smith is indeed a big man—the type of the old-fashioned heavy-weight fighter. Scaling thirteen stone, and possessed of remarkable physical development, he looks a veritable Hercules in the ring. Ahearn, however, strips much heavier than he appears in mufti, whilst he is gradually putting on weight under his training, and will probably draw twelve stone on the night of the fight—"quite heavy enough to beat anyone," he confidently asserts. We need not here enlarge upon Gunboat Smith's record, it having been so fully published in connection with the recent contest. Summarised, he is of Irish stock, but was born in America. He is the son of a sailor, and spent his early days in farming. He soon, however, tired of the life, and at the age of eighteen joined the United States of America Navy, where he soon won great reputation by his fistic prowess. Since obtaining his discharge he has met and beaten nearly all the great fighters; his biggest achievement, however, was in the match in November last with the great Sam Langford, he being declared the winner at the end of twelve rounds. Details of the recent fight with Carpentier are fresh in the public mind, and it now remains to be seen whether, omitting that particular contest, Smith is capable of continuing his victorious career.

Gunboat Smith.

All About the Seats.

As already announced, a large portion of the Stadium is being covered in specially for the fight, and there will be an excellent view for every member of the company.

The "small man" is being looked after as well as the man with the big purse—in order that all our readers may see "Our Boy," we have arranged for thousands of seats at a shilling. Moreover, for the first time in the history of great fights, a good number of reserved seats may be booked in advance at 2s. 6d. Then there are plenty of better ones at 5s., 10s. and 21s., with extra special places at two, three and five guineas. The Stadium, which adjoins the White City, has a separate entrance from the Exhibition, in Wood Lane. This should be borne in mind, as there will be no admission from the Exhibition Grounds. Wood Lane Station, on the Central London Railway, is a few yards from the Stadium entrance.

The great contest will be staged about 9.30 p.m., and will be preceded by a big programme of boxing, commencing about 8 p.m.

Arrangements have been made for the publication of a special illustrated souvenir programme, which will be on sale at the Stadium at the popular price of sixpence. It will, however, be obtainable only from the official programme sellers within the building.

Our Description of the Contest.

We have retained one of the leading authorities on boxing, Mr. J. Frank Bradley, Editor of the *Mirror of Life and Boxing World*, to write a special description of the contest. Mr. Bradley's long experience of the noble art and his practical knowledge of the science of the game eminently fit him to write our special report.

Help the War Sufferers.

The whole of the proceeds from the match will be handed over to the Prince of Wales' Fund.

Where to Secure Seats.

Seats can now be booked either through Messrs. Keith, Prowse & Co. on the usual terms, or may be obtained at any of the following addresses:—

John Bull Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre, W.C.,

Box Office, London Opera House, Kingsway, W. C., and of

Mr. C. B. Cochran, 13, Old Cavendish Street, W.

A Special Coupon for the use of John Bull *readers will be found on page ii. of cover.*

Ahearn *v.* Gunboat Smith. Get your Ticket NOW. Coupon on page ii of cover.

"PRIVATE"—AND PUBLIC INQUIRIES.

"DUD" DETECTIVE CHARGED WITH ESPIONAGE.

In our issue of June 27th we published an exposure of a man named Andrien, with several *aliases*, among them being "Baronet" and "Buchwaldt." Our readers will remember that his had been a very varied career. Posing as a private inquiry agent, he had been advertising from Walter House, Strand, offering his services free for the conduct of investigations. In practice, however, his terms were extremely exorbitant, and his work eminently unsatisfactory; whilst his energies were also engaged in carrying on a so-called employment agency. Through the introduction of the Austrian Vice-Consul, his wife (who was running another employment agency in the Edgware Road) got in touch with a young girl who had just arrived from Vienna in search of a situation. Strange to say, "Madame" holds a licence from the London County Council—in spite of the fact that they are aware that she is the wife of a man whose own licence has been cancelled, and that she is living with him and assisting him in his various shady schemes. "Madame" soon took the girl's measure. "I can put you in a very good situation in Brighton," she said, "but you will have to deposit £25." The oily "frau" then went on to assert that the Brighton house was her own, that she took in boarders, and that all the girl would be expected to do would be to manage the concern. After a lot of persuasion, the proposed "manageress" was prevailed upon to write to her parents for the money. At first it was—from necessity—refused, but eventually, by a supreme effort, they managed to raise the amount and send it to their daughter, who passed it on to Madame Andrien. The girl was dispatched to the Black Lion Street premises, and found that very little genuine business was done there. Discovering that she had been trapped, and that she was regarded merely as a general servant, and required to do all the menial work, she naturally asked for the return of her money. Then Madame Andrien showed herself in her true colours. "You do not know the law of England," she told her victim. "I can have you thrown into the street." The poor girl went to the police, and told them her story. Two detectives accompanied her back to Black Lion Street, saw the "Baronets," and endeavoured to obtain a refund, pointing out that their career had been disclosed in the columns of this journal. With Kaiser-like cheek, the "dud" detective coolly told the officers that the matter between the girl and his wife was a civil one, and ordered them out of the house. Of course they had to go. But circumstances have arisen which alter the complexion of matters. "Baronet" has been arrested at the Brighton boarding house on a charge of espionage, it being alleged that he has extended to affairs of the State his inquiring propensities, and a large quantity of documentary matter, in the German language, has been seized at the place. Doubtless, in the course of the pending proceedings, "Baronet" will give some explanation of his connection with the Austrian Vice-Consul, and we await his side of the matter with interest.

WHITE INSIDE.

HEROES OF PEACE AND WAR.

Upon a coastwise voyage from Bombay, the British India mail steamer *Dwarka* got into serious difficulties. In a heavy monsoon sea her rudder became useless. An attempt was made to pass hawsers from the ship. In a boiling sea some Lascars swam out to the ends of the ropes and finally succeeded in connecting them. Even now the peril of the adventure was not at an end. The *Dwarka* had been towed half-way back to Bombay when the hawsers snapped, and she was once more abandoned to the mercy of the waves. Again the crew worked unsparingly, and after two days' battle with the raging elements the good ship was back again in the home port. The episode as reported is in pleasing contrast to some other accounts which have reached us concerning the behaviour of Indian sailors in moments of peril. We are glad to think that in these stirring times we have behind us such sons of the Empire—whatever be the colour of their skins.

LAYS OF A LOWLY LONDONER.

THE PLAIN MAN'S DUTY.

It's idle to argue if war ought to be,
  Or if it is wrong or is right;
The time for discussion is over and gone—
  The one thing that's left is to fight.
The path of the young men of Britain is plain:
  Not thinking of glory or thanks,
Their duty is just to get hold of a gun
  And line themselves up in the ranks.

And what of us others? We can't all enlist,
  For some are too weak or too old,
And some married men must look after the home,
  To keep the gaunt wolf from the fold;
Well, is there, then, nothing at all we can do
  For Great Britain's honour and gain?
There is—and I'll try as a plain man to speak
  To plain men in words that are plain.

A duty we owe to the land that we love,
  To our sons on the shore and on ship,
And that is to doubt not, nor waver, nor flinch,
  But stand with a stiff upper lip,
In faith what the ultimate issue must be,
  Whatever the moment may bring,
Serenely to face both the best and the worst,
  To fear God, and honour the King!

To suffer no panic, though black be the hour,
  Though daily the pin-pricks annoy,
To keep ourselves cool from the start to the end,
  To be moderate even in joy,
To think not of bonfires and fireworks now—
  The business as yet is too stern,
And shouting and mafficking won't win the day—
  Keep that till our heroes return.

Our duty is not to hoard food by the ton,
  Or profit by other folks' need;
The tradesman who trades on a nation's distress
  Exploits but the basest of greed.
The gambler in food stuffs who runs up the price,
  And robs the poor man of his purse,
Should be well remembered by you and by me—
  Remembering him with a curse.

If hard times must come and dinners be scarce,
  As come they assuredly will,
It will be up to us to keep a good heart,
  To tighten our belts and smile still,
Reflecting, though difficult may be our lot,
  Though our stomach with emptiness aches,
Our brothers and sons have a far sterner task—
  To lay down their lives for our sakes.

Have faith and fear nothing! With scorn set aside
  The merest suspicion of doubt,
And swerve not one inch from the straight, steady path
  On which we have sternly set out;
Keep flying the flag that is loved by the men
  Who fight on the land and the foam,
While they do their duty as Britishers all,
  Let us do our duty at home!

RICARDO.

THE POETS AND PATRIOTISM.

"This England never did, nor never shall,
  Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror."
(*Shakespeare*).

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
  No towers along the steep,
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
  Her home is on the deep."
(*Campbell*, 1777–1844).

"British forces are unused to fear."
(*Congreve*, 1670–1728).

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."
(*Wordsworth*).

Ten "Bullets" War Prizes of £25 each to be won this week.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE —."

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.

[On this page every week we publish particulars of human derelicts whose cases, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

AN APPEAL FROM THE PRINCE.

We have received the following telegram from the Prince of Wales :—

Buckingham Palace.
August 7, 1914.

To John Bull Charity Fund,
93, Long Acre, W.C.

You will see in to-day's newspapers that I am raising a National Relief Fund to alleviate the acute distress which must inevitably arise in consequence of the war. The name of your firm has been given to me by my Committee as one to which I may confidently appeal for a generous subscription. Edward P.

We at once responded with a subscription of one hundred guineas. This offer has been duly conveyed to his Royal Highness, who, in accepting it, has written a letter of warm appreciation.

351—JACK'S WIDOW.

For fourteen years Charles Edward Lewis served as a stoker in the Navy. He was invalided on April 9th, suffering from "organic heart disease," and awarded a life pension of £11 8s. a year, with an additional penny a day on account of an injury sustained in 1911. He was also granted a gratuity of £2 in respect of an injury received in 1908. Lewis, immediately upon taking his discharge, went home to his wife and child, rejoining them in such a state that it was plain to her that he would not live very long. As a matter of fact, he "crossed the border" 26 days later. Having died before any pension had been paid, the amount to the end of the quarter (June 30th), a sum of £2 18s., was handed to the widow—and there, the Admiralty say, their obligation ends. We have written them on the subject, and their reply is: "It is to be regretted there are no funds at the disposal of the Admiralty from which further assistance could be afforded to Mrs. Lewis." All we have to add is that it is a scandalous disgrace. Here is a man who arduously served his country faithfully for fourteen years, and in the atmosphere of a veritable hell. During this long period he was twice injured. He was kept at work until the authorities, finding that the man was dying, sent him home to his wife to save themselves trouble. The ironical part of the whole business is that a grateful country compensate the ex-stoker for his injuries and reward him for his long service by giving him a pension, with the stipulation that he must apply for it in person! His poor wife and child, beyond a few pounds subscribed by Lewis's shipmates, are left quite destitute. Here is an opportunity for patriots to show their appreciation of one who gave his life for his country as surely as though he had died in action.

352.—A HARD STRUGGLE.

Two years ago, the father of five children was taken away from his wife and family in tragic circumstances—he had a fall which resulted in concussion of the brain; subsequently, he became insane and had to be confined in an asylum. The ages of the children were then 11, 8, 6, 4 and 3 years, respectively. The wage-earner having been stricken down, the family were in a parlous plight. Trade Unionists came to the woman's aid—the man had been a printer's machinist—raising a subscription, while the Guardians allowed her 6s. a week. The help she received was not much, when compared with her necessities, but she was very thankful for it. Luckily, she had her health and strength at the time, so was able to work as an office cleaner, and for two years she managed to keep her little family together. Things, however, have now changed. She is ill, and recently the youngest child has died; rent is in arrear, and she is threatened with the workhouse. This would, indeed, be a pity, after so heroic a fight—especially as there is some likelihood that her husband will soon be restored to health. The poor woman is at the present moment just at the end of her tether, and unless help is immediately rendered she and her little ones must become submerged. Twenty pounds would set them on their feet again, and we earnestly appeal to our readers for that sum, whilst clothing would also be thankfully received.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have received the following, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named :—

341.—"Cad," 5s.
343.—"Canadian Soldier," 4s.;
345.—F. H. W., £2 10s.; S. C., 7s. 7d.
346.—F. H. W., £2 10s.; "Cad," 5s.; R. Mc C., 5s.
347.—E. G. S., £2 10s.; R. Mc C., 5s.
348.—C. W. J. B., £1; "Competitor," 1s. 6d.; M. N. N., 6d.; A. W. M., 1s.; A. G., 2s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "Elstow," 1s.; M. W., 5s.; "Tom," 1s.; "One who has Been Through It," 3s. 6d.; "Chauffeur," 2s.; G. M., 1s.; Anon., 10s.; A. J. M., 5s.; "Recovered," 5s.; R. F. M., 2s. 6d.; E. G. S., £2 10s.; "Sturton," 1s.; "Cad," 5s.; R. Mc C., 5s.
349.—C. S., 1s.; "An Unsuccessful Bulletite," 6d.; B. S., 5s.; "Hollins Cross," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 1s. 6d. J. C., 5s.; "Barber-in-Chief," 6s.; A. W. C., 10s.; J. Y., 6d.
350.—"An Unsuccessful Bulletite," 6d.; "Cad," 5s.; R. G. I., 2s. 6d.; "Hollins Cross," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 1s. 6d.

Mr. C. Fulcher, the winner of the £500 prize in our 94th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us five guineas, which we have divided between "Human Documents" Nos. 348 and 349.

We have divided £10 from O'Brien's Grand National Sweepstake Charity Fund between "Human Documents" Nos. 349 and 350, and £10 from the John Bull Football Cup Sweepstake Charity Fund between Nos. 328, 330, 331 and 344.

COLLECTING BOXES.

Glasgow.—Mr. J. Bolesworth, Paisley Road, 2s. 3d.; Mr. Turner, Garscube Road, 4s. 6d.; Mr. Stevenson, London Street, 2s.
Edinburgh.—Mr. D. Somerville, 118, Vincent Street, 1s. 11d.; Mr. W. Archibald, 10, Rodney Street, 1s. 3d.
Croydon.—Mr. Heath, 19, Church Street, 6s. 6d.
Ruil.—Mr. C. M. Hopwood, Metropole Café, High Street, 2s.
Aldershot.—Mr. F. Wigley, 11, High St., 1s.
St. Leonards-on-Sea.—Mr. H. G. Parkes, 107, Bohemia Rd., 1s. 6d.
Middlesbrough.—Miss A. E. Newsham, 42, Tennyson St., 1s.
Lincoln.—Canteen Manager, New Barracks, 9s. 3d.

Total: £1 13s. 2d., which we have allocated as follows:—£1 to No. 349; and 13s. 2d. to No. 350.

THOSE SINFUL SWEEPSTAKES.

The following letter may provide food for reflection for those ultra-puritanical people :—

> I feel it my duty to write and thank you and your readers for the great help we have received from you. I shall never be able to thank you enough as you have been the means of putting clothes on our backs once more, and boots on our feet. When I wrote to you, I was almost desperate, never thinking I should get treated with such kindness. Your "sinful sweepstakes" have saved another family from the workhouse, which we should have had to have gone to. My only regret is I cannot thank you enough. I am "Human Document" No. 312, and you are at liberty to publish this just as you like. Wishing you every success in the future, and thanking you and your readers again.

"Bullets." Great New Offer of Special War Prizes. See page 24.

Your King and Your Country Need You.

A CALL TO ARMS.

An addition of 100,000 men to His Majesty's Regular Army are immediately necessary in the present grave National Emergency.

Lord Kitchener is confident that this appeal will be at once responded to by all those who have the safety of the Empire at heart.

TERMS OF SERVICE.

General service for a period of three years, or until the War is concluded. Age of enlistment between 19 and 30.

HOW TO JOIN.

Full information can be obtained at any Post Office in the Kingdom, or at any Military Depot.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

A WAR DISCUSSION.

1st Working Man: I tell yer it's the German *H*emp'rer wot's done it.

2nd Working Man: No it ain't. It's Servyer. If the Servyerns 'adn't 'sassinated the Arch Dook of *H*austrier, it wouldn't 'ave 'appened.

1st Working Man: Git art! Servyer wosn't nuthink ter do wiv Germany. Wos it?

2nd Working Man: P'raps not, but they're pals wiv *H*austrier, doncher see? Wot 'urt *H*austrier 'urt Germany, an' there yer aw.

1st Working Man: Thet ain't no reason why Germany sh'd 'ave a go at us, is it? We ain't never 'urt *H*austrier. I ain't got nuthink agin the *H*austrians. They ain't a bad sort, the *H*austrians ain't. I've got *H*austrian bentwood furnichur in my parl'r, an' it ain't arf bad.

2nd Working Man: Don' matter erbart thet. I tell yer, wot 'urt *H*austrier 'urt Germany, an' there yer aw.

1st Working Man: But wot I wanter know is, w'ere do we Britishers come in? We ain't 'urt *H*austrier, so we ain't 'urt Germany, so wotterbaht it? W'y sh'd Germany 'ave a go at us?

2nd Working Man: Ah, thet's jest it. Thet's w'ere the bloomin' mix up begins. Servyer 'sassinates the Arch Dook of *H*austrier—see?

1st Working Man: I knows orl erbart thet.

2nd Working Man: Don't interrupt—wait'll I've 'ad my say. You put me orf me stroke. Servyer 'sassinates the Arch Dook, *H*austrier ses' "Pologise, else I'll bash yer bloomin' brains art," and then Rushyer steps in, see? Rushyer ses, "'Oo 'urts Servyer 'urts me, so paws orf, Pompey!"

1st Working Man: 'Oo do they say thet to? You're a-draggin' Rushyer in, nar. Wot I awsk is, wot does Germany want to 'ave a go at us for? Awnser me thet.

2nd Working Man: I am awnserin' of it, ain't I? I'm tellin' yer. Rushyer ses to *H*austrier, "You let Servyer be. 'E's an ole pal o' mine," they ses. "Cawn't 'elp thet," ses *H*austrier. "Servyer 'sassinated my Arch Dook, so I'm goin' to 'ave a smack at it." "Orl right," ses Rushyer, "then I'll 'ave to 'ave a smack at chew. 'Oo 'urts Servyer 'urts me."

1st Working Man: Gorblimy, mate, wot's thet ter do wiv Germany wantin' to 'ave a go at *h*us?

2nd Working Man: You lis'n, like a goo'. boy, an' you'll 'ear. W'en Germany 'ears wot Rushyer sed to *H*austrier, they ses to Rushyer, "'Ere, you leave orf! *H*austrier an me is very good pals. If you touch *H*austrier I'll—I'll give you *sich* a smack as you've never 'ad in yer nachral!"

1st Working Man: I awsked chew a plain question. If you cawn't awnser it, say so.

2nd Working Man: I am awnsering of it es fawst es I can, I tell yer! It 'as ter be led up to. Don' chew unnerstan'? W'en Frawnce 'ears——

1st Working Man: 'Ere, you're draggin' Frawnce in nar!

2nd Working Man: 'Corse I am. 'Ow kin I 'splain the sitchewashun wivart? W'en Frawnce 'ears wot Germany ses to Rushyer, she ses, "'Ere, you better stop thet. Don' chew touch my ole pal Rushyer. We're *h*allies, we are. If you 'urt Rushyer I'll 'ave a smack et bof of yer, then!" So the German Army stawts a-marchin through Belgium.

1st Working Man: Wot, annuver of 'em?

2nd Working Man: Yuss: but thet's w'ere *we* come in—see? W'en we 'ears as 'ow Germany means ter march 'er *h*armies through Belgium, we ses, "'Ere, stop it! None er thet! Belgium's nootral. If one o' yore sossidge-eatin soljers sets foot in Belgium, we'll *'ave ter take steps!*" Thet done it! "Oh, thet s jest wot we wanted. We've bin waitin' fur this chawnst. Nar we're a-goin ter put chew through it!" So war's declared atween Germany and England. *Nar* do yer understand?

1st Working Man: Well, I ain't studied it like wot chew 'ave, mate, an' I don't know 'oo's right an' 'oo's wrong. But it's enuff fur me to know England's in fur a scrap. I'll stan' by the ole country, even if it means givin' up me b..r; an' if I don't 'it the fust German wot I meet in t..e jore, you kin call me wotcher like! 'Ere's Waterloo et lawst!

"JACK."

There's a humming and a throbbing,
And a bustle to and fro,
For old England lifts her mighty arm
To thrash a saucy foe;
The Fleet is putting out to sea,
Upon the foeman's track
And Jack's the one To see some fun
Ere he comes back!

Chorus:— *O! Jack's the lad for a shindy,*
Jack's the lad for a lark,
Jack's the one for work or fun
In daytime or the dark;
Jack's the lad for a hullabaloo,
Jack's the lad for sport—
And Jack must go and thrash the foe
Ere he comes back to port!

There are messmates blithely singing
When the ship is at the quay,
And the lassies are in tears because
The boys are off to sea;
But bless the girls, they'll smile again,
For they've the happy knack,
And they'll be glad to see their lad
When they come back! (Chorus.)

Jack would rather deal in laughter,
And a frolic on his ship,
But the time has come to clench his fist
And set a stubborn lip;
He's eager now to come across
The foeman's flying track,
To check the flight and win the fight
Ere he comes back! (Chorus.)

OH, MR. PORTER!

A controversy of a serious nature has arisen down Leamington way. The porters engaged on the L. & N.W. and the G.W. Railways claim to be on equal social footing with the clerks, and have forwarded the following resolution to their Union with a request for immediate action to make it effective:—

> That we now consider the social status of Railwaymen of all grades such that we should be addressed as "Mister" like the clerical staff, and not by surname.

This grave contention may—we say may advisedly—lead to a National Strike. The clerks may, of course, retaliate by passing a resolution that in future they must be addressed as "Esquire."

Perhaps unpleasant consequences may be avoided if the public take the hint at once and adopt the following formulas:—"Mr. Porter, would you be so good as to attend to my luggage," and "Clerk, Esq., would you kindly oblige me with a ticket for Paddington?"—instead of "Porter, take my luggage," and "Single, Paddington."

We suggest that a resolution to the following effect should also be passed:—

> That it is beneath the dignity of porters to accept a tip of less than a shilling from a first-class passenger, of less than sixpence from a second-class passenger, and of less than threepence from a third-class passenger.

OUR 94TH "BULLETS" WINNER.

Mr. C. Fulcher, of 18, Northumberland Road, Dublin, the winner of the £500 in our 94th "Bullets" Competition, in a long and interesting letter, after acknowledging the receipt of cheque, says:—

> These generous prizes of yours must often come very opportunely, but perhaps none ever came quite so "pat" as this. I am a retired Army officer, and by profession an Army tutor, while I also lecture in military subjects to the Army School, Trinity College, Dublin. Yesterday all my pupils working for the examination for commissions in October left me to join their units on mobilisation, and as there is no prospect of any more work on this, the most paying side of my establishment, as long as the war lasts, and I am a married man, with four young children, I was not feeling particularly cheerful.

We are sure all John Bullites will be glad that the prize for this epoch-making week has gone to such a quarter.

Our Great Boxing Contest. Reserved Seats from 2s. 6d. See page 14.

Nerve Strength: Physical Fitness.

GEORGES CARPENTIER writes:—
"I have always found Guy's Tonic specially effective as a Nerve Invigorator, and in restoring physical fitness. I would not now be without it."

BOMBARDIER WELLS writes:—
"No preparation has proved so reliable as Guy's Tonic in immediately restoring that alertness of mind and body without which no boxer can hope to be successful."

Guy's Tonic will give you Fitness for the battle of life.

Every Headache, every attack of Indigestion, Biliousness, Brain-fag, or other disorder, is a point scored against you—it lowers your vitality, impairs your efficiency, and makes you an easier prey to more serious ailments.

Fortify your System, Brace up your Nerves, and get absolutely Fit by taking a small wineglassful of Guy's Tonic three times daily. You will at once begin to feel refreshed in mind and body, full of renewed vigour, and mental alertness.

Guy's Tonic

THE INCOMPARABLE REMEDY FOR

Indigestion	Biliousness	Debility
Headache	Pain after Food	Palpitation
Flatulence	Nervousness	Dizziness
Poor Appetite	Neuralgia	Anæmia

Your Chemist or Stores sells Guy's Tonic in large shilling bottles. Get one to-day.

MEN OF SPECIAL ABILITY

are the kind of men we want—men whose Special Knowledge or Special Aptitude fits them to occupy Responsible Positions in technical, Clerical, Organising or Travelling capacities. We have upon our lists a large number of positions carrying salaries of from £120 to £2,000 a year—but positions which can only be filled by really High Grade men. If you are such a man, write us to-day—or call.

HAPGOODS Ltd., Employment Experts. 167-8 STRAND. LONDON, W.C.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" or "Mary Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 Coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. August 15, 1914.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Ask your Draper or Outfitter for

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

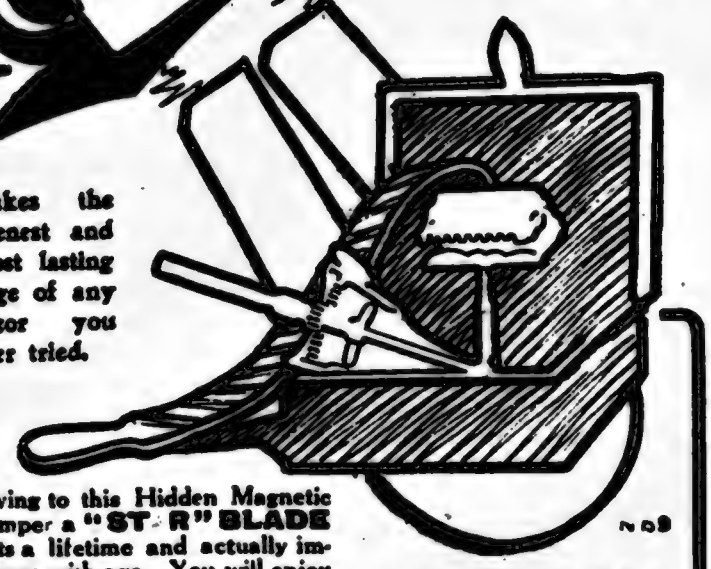
A Really Genuine Article.

See Name "EXCELDA" on Handkerchiefs.

GENT'S FULL SIZE 6½d. EACH.
MADE ALSO IN LADIES' SIZE.

Steele's Ad. Serv.

THE 'STAR' BLADE WITH ITS PECULIAR HIDDEN MAGNETIC TEMPER.



Takes the keenest and most lasting edge of any razor you ever tried.

Owing to this Hidden Magnetic Temper a "STAR" BLADE lasts a lifetime and actually improves with age. You will enjoy that light velvet-like touch and speed which a "STAR" gives in shavin . Try at once "GUINEA" SET as illustrati n w th "Star" Strop and Automatic Stropper, 21/-, or razor alone in neat, velvet-lined case, 7/6.

Other cases 5/6 to £5.

Write at once for illustrated booklet, sent post free.

OF ALL CUTLERS, ILVERSMITHS, &c. MARKT & Co. (Ldn.), Ld.
9/100, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

OUR RACING COMPETITION.

We much regret that in consequence of the cancellation of the Racing Fixtures, we are compelled for the present to abandon this Competition.

GENERAL.

C. O. M. (Hendon).—The explanation of our "To Hell With Servia!" poster and article, was that it was written before Germany had challenged France and England, and when the only issue involved was the quarrel between Austria and Servia. It seemed too good to hope that the Kaiser was prepared to take us all on at once! Otherwise, of course, the poster would have been "To Hell With Germany!"

K.W. (Bedford Park).—As can be seen from the notice elsewhere, we have no intention of abandoning our popular "Bullets" Competition.

G. W. E. (Cheltenham) inquires when we propose "turning out this Pygmalion Government." We are not quite Shaw—at any rate, not until the war is over.

L. L. (W. Norwood, S.E.).—Nobody who knows them can deny the patriotic fervour of the French people. Their curse is Party politics (as it is our own). That hideous miasma creeps into every phase of their social as well as official life, and has the effect of stultifying the aims and efforts of their more patriotic leaders. Were it not for the constant menace of Germany and the ever-present hunger for *la revanche* France, thanks to the Socialists and other political extremists, would drift into an appalling condition of political confusion. We are glad to see that in the present crisis they, too, have thrown Party overboard.

E. W. J. (St. Albans).—If the Germans require an outlet for their superfluous population, let them find it for themselves. They already have huge tracts of country in Africa practically undeveloped. Why should we give up to them what we have painfully won, or allow them to take the French Colonies?

G. W. S. (Lowestoft).—We don't think the money paid to witness the Carpentier-Gunboat Smith contest was diverted from the foreign mission field. It would not disturb us greatly if we thought the opposite.

J. C. (Barugh-green).—"If a German and his wife came to England and a child was born to them in England, would that child be English or German?" German.

W. H. B. (Deal).—In view of the war crisis, we have been quite unable to work up any interest in the important matter you mention, namely, "How Folkestone Won the Fire Escape Shield at Ashford, 1914." Try us again in quieter times.

T. J. (Huddersfield) writes: "In your esteemed journal you always recommend the advice of Sam Weller with regard to emigrating to Australia, viz., 'Don't.'" We must read our "Pickwick" again. We seem to have missed that.

J. L. (Kirkburton).—Our tame Barber was about to recommence operations when the mobilisation took place, and he went at his country's call instead of his customers'. Our Chiropodist unfortunately stubbed his toe, since when he has been unable to hold a pen.

H. M. (New Cross).—Until 1905, when he was appointed President of the Local Government Board, John Burns was a Labour representative. Upon taking office he, of course, became "Liberal."

P. N. (Clonmel) asks whether deposits are safe in ordinary provincial branch banks, being under the impression that not even the Bank of England or Ireland is panic proof in war time. Her fears are quite groundless, as all respectable banking concerns will be protected by the Government from undue drain upon their gold resources. After all, they have the "stuff."

J. H. (East Ham).—We do not doubt that the match between Johnny Summers and Harry Stone, on June 30th, for the World's Welter Weight Championship, was a fine contest, "full of thrills right up to the final gong," but whether it was the finest contest since the boom—well, that was before the "Gunboat Smith" and "JOHN BULL'S Boy's" fight.

A. H. (Stretford).—It savours of *lèse majesté* to suggest that there is such a person as the Chiropodist to the Royal Family. Anyhow, we cannot tell you his name. The best we can do is to put you into communication with our tame Chiropodist, should you desire it.

P. C. (Shepherd's Bush, W.), engaged as a chauffeur-mechanic, found upon his arrival at an Oxfordshire mansion that his duties included posting the letters by 7.45 each morning, cleaning the boots, knives and lamps, getting in the coals, sweeping down the verandah and terrace, mowing the lawn twice a week, cleaning the windows outside once a month, driving the car and keeping it in order, and doing errands as required. Whereupon he turned his starting handle, put in the clutch, and headed for town. And small blame to him!

"ANXIOUS" (South Devon).—The International Correspondence Schools are all right. What course do you propose to take?

"A SUPPORTER OF JOHN BULL" (Skewen).—We know no reason why we should indulge in fulsome flattery of the Holborn Hall College, 54, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

W. D. (N. Wales).—If, as you say, the Rev. Pool Hughes, Rector of Llanymynech, Mont., said in a Sunday sermon, "I see there are some men in this building who are not men but swine," possibly he meant they were possessed of devils, as in the Gadara Pig Affair.

J. D. H. (Leicester).—"Lloyd George, no doubt, when his life ebbs out—" An ancient yarn, good friend.

M. S. (Muswell Hill, N.).—We believe there *are* "grammarphones for the as doesn't kno their grammar."

W. H. C. (Bath).—Alderman Bush's dissertation on the evils of gambling does not greatly impress us; but if people will use the streets for betting when they are well aware they are acting illegally, they must take their gruel when they are caught.

T. B. (Nantymoel, Glam.).—You "do not believe the blind are afflicted by God, because their forebears' fluttered and guzzled Ger hoff." Neither do we. No wonder you ask: "How can my intelligence grow?" when you failed to see the point of our recent paragraph. Judging from your postcard, we cannot guarantee it any further growth.

"SULLIVAN" (Belfast).—We have already exposed Eleanor Lawton's (193-7, Regent Street, London, W.) "absolute guarantee contract." One of her mirth-provoking sentences is "Written words seem so cold and lifeless that it is futile for me to try to express the ecstasies of joy and delight that filled my soul to overflowing"—and all about eradicating a few wrinkles!

H. F. (Ballymena).—You had better repeat your question. We cannot reply by post.

F. L. B. (London, N.E.).—You do not breathe the higher spirit of the Salvation army when you suggest we are incapable of telling the truth concerning it. We believe our occasional criticisms of some of its more objectionable methods have been beneficial to the organisation.

"HENRY" (Leyton).—Where *are* Friswell's Motor Works, who want £5 to teach you motor-driving and repairing?

J. B. (London, N.E.)—When the war is over an inquiry will have to be held into those sales of surplus stores at Woolwich Arsenal.

F. V. P. (Swansea) points out that "passengers' luggage in advance" is not handled by the platform staff, but by the parcel porters, hence it cannot be damaged wilfully by porters disappointed of their tips. The reason it suffers so greatly in transit is because it is placed at the bottom of the vans and all the parcels are loaded on top. In these times passengers may consider themselves lucky if they get their luggage t all.

H. J. (London) and **OTHERS.**—It is lucky for you that there is a *moratorium*, or we should have made you pay dearly for your ghastly pun about our Boy Ah-earning back the championship.

"FAIR PLAY" (Redditch).—We find it difficult to believe that Lord Willoughby de Broke would "get rid of the old man after forty years' service on his Estate because he is a Liberal and has voted in favour of the Party." Are you sure there is not some other explanation?

Don't Delay. Buy your Ticket for the Great Fight Now. Popular Prices. See page 14.

"TRAMPER" (Norwood).—We cannot trace your screed concerning "Croydon Athletic sweepers." If the subject is of sufficient public interest, come again.

"BARBER" (Cork).—We cannot tell you the *personnel* of the Barber's Department of the Central Correspondence College, 1, Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square, London, nor whether their diploma is worth anything in the estimation of master coiffeurs.

C. T. (Sudbury Hill).—Under the Business Government the secret ballot in the House of Commons will not be necessary. Indeed, it would be inadvisable. For the electors, determined on *bussiness*, will want to know how their representative votes, and will act towards him accordingly.

E. B. (Cheadle).—Our objection to a judge accepting a prisoner's plea of "guilty" is that it is contrary to the spirit of British justice, which holds that an accused man is innocent until he is *proved* guilty. Self-accusation is no proof. A peculiar form of morbid insanity often impels men to confess to crimes they have never committed.

F. R. J. (Burscough).—The Universal Stores, 21, Cannon Street, Manchester, work the snowball coupon system, and your wife will be very foolish indeed if she has anything to do with it.

J. G. (Wallsend).—We are not practical coal-miners, but none the less your proposition that all coal mines should be allowed to "rest" four hours a day to permit the fumes of explosives to dissipate and to cool the workings appeals to us as reasonable.

"TRADESMAN" (Stourbridge).—The debt collecting business of J. E. Wiltshire and Co., 140, Gray's Inn Road, W.C., is not known to us. You are justified in demanding a statement of account from them, which they should have no reason to refuse.

J. M. B. (Belfast).—If you have anything to do with the Waterman Advertising Co., of Theobald's Road, London, you will only prove that there is at least *one* fool in the Orange capital.

W. T. T. (Bradninch).—We frequently receive complaints of the Rye firm you mention. But as it is only a couple of months or so since you sent the money for the garden netting, you should not entirely give up hopes of receiving the goods.

J. L. P. L. (Hamilton).—Have no information *re* G. H. Denham, Essex House, London, who "offers to train gentlemen for positions in counting-houses of factories and guarantees them positions." Ask him to give you a list of those for whom he has found positions.

H. G. (Stoke Newington).—Your song "The November Handicap" has arrived at the wrong shop. Try a music-hall publisher.

"BRITISH SEAMAN" (Port Said).—Don't we think the Board of Trade ought to compel all British ships loading at a British port to engage their crews in Great Britain? It is a big question; the shipping trade thinks it is as justified in employing foreign labour as any other.

G. W. F. D. (Salisbury).—Neither a Chief Constable of police nor anybody else is entitled to drive a motor car at night without showing a rear light; but Chief Constables often do illegal things "in the name of the law." For instance, employ or induce men to incite others to commit offences.

Miss D. B. (King's Heath).—Would we believe that a Church of England Canon "could refuse to allow the Dead March to be played in church on the death of one of the greatest men England has ever known, because he wasn't a Church of England man"? Certainly; we can believe anything of an intolerant bigot.

E. R. (Battersea).—The 2s. worth of "information" supplied by Edwards, 472, High Street, Chiswick, is not likely to be worth 2s. to you.

"GREASED LIGHTNING" (Banff).—Glad that the postcard dated August 22nd, 1892, has just been delivered at the correct address, though the person to whom it was sent is now dead. Suppose he hadn't time to wait for the postman.

F. S. W. (London, E.C.).—A deposit for boatage on sending a telegram to an officer of the Battle Squadron at Southend seems to us a reasonable P.O. regulation. The State could hardly be expected to pay for the boat.

"MILKY" says a master gets 17 pints to the barn gallon, "but expects his roundsman to book 17 out of 16. "*What* a game!"

C. F. F. (Torquay) wishes to inform R. W. D. (Thorpe Bay) that the ear-'phone in question can be had on a month's trial for 7s. 6d., with option of purchase outright.

S. C. (Teignmouth).—We do not recommend you to have any dealings by door tout with H. Winrabe and Co., "London, Leeds and Manchester."

G. P. (Carnoustie).—We see nothing to fuss about in the remark of the Sheriff. Surely it was an absurd excuse for the defendant to say that he "did all he could to keep the speed of his car down to the required limit"?

J. E. J. (Preston).—Lenient treatment, certainly, for gross cruelty; but it is very difficult to find the right punishment for brutal boys.

"PRINCE" (Southsea).—We laughed consumedly when we read that Portsmouth Town Council refused to permit the "Guide-book to Pretoria" to be placed in the public libraries until "The Nine" had been re-admitted to South Africa. At the same time, it seems a pity that the Civic fathers of our premier Naval port should make themselves such egregious asses.

C. B. (Hornsey, N.) points out that there are seventeen, not nine, pints to the "barn" gallon. We shall henceforth buy our beer by the "barn" gallon.

J. K. L. (Runcorn).—The London Institute of Practical Psychology, 52, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., is all bunkum.

"READER" (Willesden Green).—We have no complaint to make of the *Somerset and Wilts Journal* with respect to its estimate of Mr. Chamberlain.

A. E. R. (Finsbury Park, N.).—We are disinclined to take up the matter you mention, because should an action result, it would be necessary to call some of the waitresses as witnesses, whose last case might, in consequence, be worse than their first.

F. S. C. (Ipswich).—We note you are troubled with stinks at Ipswich, arising from the use of fish manure. What with that, and the recent brief visits of Mr. Masterman, your town seems to suffer from a plethora of public nuisances. We shall not grace the town with our presence till both are abated.

J. A. R. (Liverpool).—The fact that a postman received only 15s. 9d. a week does not excuse him for stealing postal orders, some of which may have belonged to people poorer than himself, and to whom their loss may have meant the utmost misery and distress. Better to snatch a rich man's watch than to pilfer a poor man's postal order.

J. H. (Llandudno).—As the authorities do not appear to be inclined just yet to move against the Holborn Warehouse Co., advise your friend to issue a County Court summons.

W. R. J. (Cornwall).—Of course, the epithet "Bonnie Dundee" was originally applied to Claverhouse; but he being dead and Sir Walter Scott's song being one which the world will not willingly let die, the term has come to be applied to that far from "bonnie" town in Scotland famous for marmalade and Winston Churchill. So fill up your cup and fill up your can, and worry no more about it.

E. B. (Kilburn).—Labour market conditions might be more rosy in Australia, but they are not as bad as in Canada.

"BUTCHER" (London, S.W.).—If, when you started business on your own account, the big firm, with which you were formerly employed, placed a meat stall in front of your premises and retailed meat at less than wholesale prices, their conduct was like their meat—un-English.

G. H. M. (Brick Lane, E.).—We strongly advise you to have nothing more to do with the export manufacturers' directory you refer to. There are numbers of respectable publications upon which you may safely rely, without risking £6 with the concern in question.

"SARES" (H.M.S. *Horae*) suggests that a suitable "honour" for Miss Agnes Weston would be the grand cross of the A.O.C., or Antediluvian Order of Cadgers. H'm! We are inclined to think this could be improved upon.

L. B. (Holloway, N.).—We cannot cease our exposures of cruelty to animals because you don't like your young lady to read the sometimes revolting details. Make no mistake, she may revel in them. Woman, as a sex, are infinitely more cruel than men, you must remember. What you want for a sweetheart is a lay figure, not a live young woman.

F. R. (Beccles).—The police are not Government men, but county and municipal employees. The only police force the Government, in the person of the Home Secretary, has any control over, is the Metropolitan.

C. C. (Clapham Park, S.W.) tells us that if we print his letter in its entirety, it will decrease our sales 50 per cent. A very good reason why we should not print it.

"ANTI-HUMBUG" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You do not tell us who was the Rytonian who remarked that mixed bathing was very disgusting. No matter; we shall be able to identify him by the disagreeable smell of his mind.

J. C. (Hammersmith, W.).—Perhaps there are some new policemen at Southend-on-Sea who do not appreciate art, although provided by an old-established pavement artist like yourself. Never mind, you'll soon find a new pitch, when you will be able to think with indifference of artless Southend basking on its mud.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Owing to the closing of the Stock Exchange and the abandonment of racing fixtures, and the great pressure upon our space by other matter, we are this week compelled to hold over our City and Racing Notes and Legal, Sporting, Financial and Insurance Letter Bag.

"Bullets" War Prizes. See Attractive and Generous New Offer. Page 24.

JOHN BULL'S VARIETY TURNS.

"AN ENGLISHMAN."

(Sung with immense success by Herr Smitzenjunker.)

I'm broud to be an Englischman
  In stirring times like dese,
Ven Shermany dries all she can
  To bead us on der seas;
Ven all der forces off der land
  Are zummoned to our aid
Der Sherman menace to mitstand
  Und guard against a raid.

'Ow fine it ees to veel der plood
  Off England's noble sires—
Doze 'eroes 'oo off old mitstood
  Napoleon's desires—
Course droo our veins, und vill our 'eart
  Mit gourage to resist
Dose 'oo vould put us "in der cart"
  By means off der mailed vist!

Ve've got der sheeps, ve've got der men,
  Ve've got der monies too—
I'll lay a hundred pound to ten
  Veectorious ve'll gome drough!
Vor, taag der 'ole vide vorld around,
  Vere e'er our banner vaves,
Dere vreedom vill be effer vound—
  Breetons vill *nod* be slaves!

Tank Gott I am a Brectisher!
  Vot 'eritage zo vine?
Off all der nations, I brefer
  Dis dot I glaim ass mine!
I've nod been Englisch ferry long,
  I sgarcely know der tongue,
But dot's no reason vy der song
  I sing should nod be sung.

A few short veeks ago, und I
  Vass drinking to der Day!
Pud ven der glouds off var drew nigh
  I drow mine glass avay!
I saw tings looked a drifle varm
  Vor Shermans ofer 'ere,
Zo, joost to keep mineself from 'arm,
  I raised a Breetish cheer!

I saw no chance off gedding back
  To my dear Vaderland,
In time to 'elp in der attack—
Off gourse, *you* onderstand?
Derefore, to save mine Sherman skin,
  Und my nice pusiness too,
To cheer der Flag I did begin—
  Der red, der vite, und blue!

I've sbied a leetle in my dime,
  As is der Sherman's vay—
It's 'ard to look on ass a grime
  Vot ve do effery day!
Bud ven der Sherman Vleet I see
  Reported pulverized,
It seemed dot it vos pest vor me
  To begome naturalized!

Und dot is 'ow it vos dot I
  An Englischman begame,
Bud in mine 'eart I'll not deny,
  I'm Sherman joost der same!
Der leopard cannod change 'is spot,
  Nor nigger change 'is skin—
So am I Sherman still, by Gott!
  As I haf efer been!

I'm broud to be an Englischman—
  Ven Englischmen are near,
Bud eagerly der papers scan
  Vor Sherman news to cheer;
Bud ass mine interests abide,
  (Mine cash und pusiness), 'ere,
Mine Sherman sympathies I'll 'ide,
  Und be a Breetisher!

Printer's Pie.

[The Work of the "Devil."]

"Daily Mirror":—
"The German Emperor delivered a speech from the Throne, which is for the moment missing."

"Daily Sketch":—
"A voiceless Irishman began La Marseillaise."

"Evening Dispatch" (Edinburgh):—
"The remainder will only require about two days to complete their mobilisation, owing to the fact that they have been mobilised already no fewer than three times within the next two years."

"Liverpool Footrall Echo" (headline):—
"Man killed and wounded in fighting."

"Evening Mail" (Newcastle):—
"The Council of Ministers this morning decided to summon Parliament to meet yesterday."

"Express and Star" (Wolverhampton):—
"Lady Haworth was unable to be present owing to absence."

"Penge and Anerley Press" advertisement:—
"Upper part of four good rooms . . . . Rent 8s. 6d. per week."

"Cricket Argus" (Bradford):—
"The conditions were most pleasant at Undercliffe this afternoon, for the wind blew with tremendous force, and it was very showery."

"British Esperantist":—
"The following speech was delivered . . . . at the distribution of prizes to Esperanto students, November 23rd, 1914."

"Christ Church, Highbury, Parish Magazine":—
"Eight days is not long enough for a week's camp."

"Hertfordshire Mercury":—
"The revolver produced . . . was loaded in five chambers, one discharged and four undischarged."

"Penang Gazette and Straits Chronicle":—
"In New Zealand and Australia they had compulsory voluntary Service."

Penzance Picturedrome (programme):—
"Nightly at 8. Doors open 7.30. Evening performances at 7 and 9."

"Daily Dispatch":—
"Witness said he did not see any woman at all, but he saw a woman on the ground."

"Wellington Journal":—
"The Challenge Cup and Silver Medal . . . . for the best cow, heifer, or heifer calf in the Show was awarded to Mr. G. Rickford for his five year old mare."

Tollcross Cinema Ltd. (pass):—
"Admit one free to 6d. seats on payment of 2d.

Bull's Eyes.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Isn't it a case here of all hands to the "mill"?
Won't our Kitchener cook the German goose?
Has the "Mad Dog" bitten off more than he can chew?
Do you want to see a "Gunboat" in action? See page 14.
Hadn't Turkey better recover before she tries to "recover"?
Has the Neutrality League got any German "marks" about it?
Isn't the storing of food by private individuals "hitting below the belt"?
Were the Belgians disposed to accept the Kaiser as their "Liege" lord?
Wasn't it great of John Burns to sacrifice his "interest" to his "principle"?
Was the Army athletic meeting postponed on account of other "engagements"?
Wasn't the way Ireland "rose" to the occasion a sad disappointment to the Kaiser?
How can there be a shortage of money when we are giving away those big sums on page 24?

Monday Next, August 17. Ahearn (Our Boy) *v.* Gunboat Smith. Thousands of Shilling Seats.

CONSUMPTION

can be Prevented and has been Cured by

DERK P. YONKERMAN,

Discoverer of the New Remedy for Consumption.

If you suffer from any of the diseases which lead to Consumption, or are actually affected with it, write at once to the DERK P. YONKERMAN CO., LTD., Dept. 586, Bouverie Street, E.C., for book on home treatment and free sample of the remedy, enclosing sixpence for postage and packing.

SCOTCH WHISKY

Of rare age and possessing a distinctive mellow flavour "Iona" has to the full those superlative qualities which have made Scotch whiskies famous the world over.

It appeals to the most critical palates as a tonic beverage of the highest standard.

"IONA" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock, he can get it for you.

G. & J. Maclachlan, Ltd.,
Glasgow.

Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B. Established 1820

E32

JUST A FRAME OF BONES

Pain Terrible and Weak as a Baby. Now in the Pink of Condition.

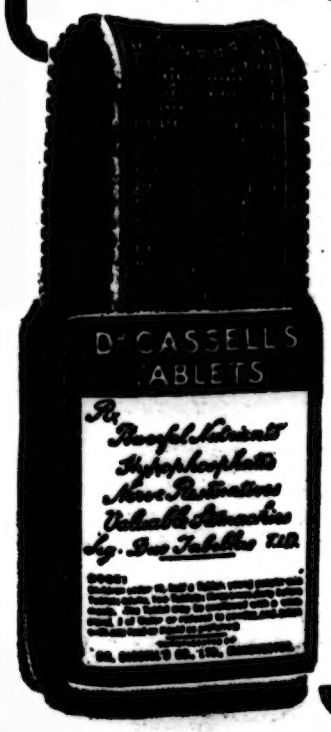
"Had it not been for Dr. Cassell's Tablets I believe I should never have worked again; I hardly think I could have lived." These are the words of Mr. Ernest W. Barrett, of 32, Cecil Road, Gloucester, a young man, now in the perfection of health and vigour. And he goes on: "The Tablets cured me of a long and serious illness when all usual methods had failed, and now I am as well and fit as anyone could wish to be.

"It is eight years since the trouble came on. I caught a cold, which turned to pleurisy and rheumatic fever, and for nine weeks I lay between life and death. When at length I could be taken downstairs I was a wreck of my former self, wasted to a frame and weak as a baby. One side was all drawn up, and if I tried to straighten myself the pain was intense. I used to hobble about on sticks. Instead of getting better I got worse. Doctors came—but all the medicine they gave me proved quite useless. It was thought I was going in a galloping consumption, and that nothing could save me. I was just a frame of bones.

"However, my father chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets and got me some. I shall never cease to be grateful for the result. I began to mend almost at once. Slowly my strength returned, I brightened up, got an appetite, and it was just wonderful how I built up flesh. At the present time I am a little over the weight for my height, and in the very pink of condition. I have never had a day's illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me.

N.B.—It is not claimed for Dr. Cassell's Tablets that they cure Consumption, though by their tremendous vitalising power they may prevent it. Most likely Mr. Barrett had no consumption. He was in danger, however, but the restorative action of Dr. Cassell's Tablets renewed the strength of his system and so brought about complete cure.

Mr. Barrett, Gloucester



SEND FOR A FREE BOX.

Send your name and address and 2 penny stamps for postage, etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. (Box A 24), Chester Rd., Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free.

Dr Cassell's Tablets

are a genuine and tested remedy for all forms of nerve or bodily weakness in old or young. They are composed of harmless ingredients which have an invigorating effect on all the nerve centres. They are the surest remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown · **Neurasthenia** · **Kidney Disease** · **Malnutrition**
Nerve Paralysis · **Nervous Debility** · **Indigestion** · **Wasting Disease**
Spinal Paralysis · **Sleeplessness** · **Stomach Disorders** · **Palpitation**
Infantile Paralysis · **Anæmia** · **Vital Exhaustion**

and are especially valuable for Nursing Mothers at the Critical Periods of Life.

All chemists the world over sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 10½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d.—the 2s. 9d. size being the most economical. Medical Advice Free on request from Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.

"BULLETS" WAR PRIZES

Owing to the war we are revising our Prize List. Although the total value is somewhat reduced, our new offer is a most attractive and generous one. The division of the prize money has been re-arranged so as to provide a larger number of Big Cash Prizes. This innovation has been adopted solely in view of the present situation—and is one, we are sure, that will meet with the approval of everyone. As will be seen below a special feature of our new prize list is that the big sum of £250 is divided into ten special War Prizes of £25 each.

£100 1st Prize.

TEN WAR PRIZES OF £25 each

100 Prizes of £1

10 Prizes of £2 10 | **1,000 Handsome Prizes** | **200 Prizes of 10/-**

Bullets can only be constructed from any of these 20 Examples.

LORD KITCHENER	COLOSSAL HUMBUG	OUR FOOD SUPPLY	AWKWARD SITUATION	RASH UNDERTAKING
FLEET MOVEMENTS	A BIG REVERSE	ASKING FOR MEN	STILL FLYING	HASTENING THE WEDDING
A BAD BEGINNING	WHEN NAGGING STARTS	MAD DOG	STATE SUPPORTED	DRIVEN BACK
A GREAT BULLY	GERMANY'S AMBITION	GUARDING OUR SHORES	HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE	UNITED IRELAND

NOTE.—If Postal Orders cannot be obtained, Money Orders, Cheques or Stamps will be accepted THIS WEEK, in payment of "Bullets" Entries.

Closing date, Thursday, August 20th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(98) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of Cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

Not more than three words may be used to construct a Bullet.
This week's Bullets Coupons will also be found in "Mary Bull," dated August 22nd.

Closing date, Thursday, August 20th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(98) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page iii. of Cover.

Signed .....

Address .....

A Sixpenny Entry Fee Must Accompany this Coupon.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS NO. 98," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of Envelope.

FOR RESULT OF COMPETITION 95 See Page Opposite.

HOW TO MAKE BULLETS.

First choose any of our forty examples. Then give two words or three words having some bearing on the example chosen. The FIRST AND LAST word selected MUST begin with ANY OF THE LETTERS in the example chosen. If three words are selected any word can be used as the middle word.

For instance, if you take the example "RASH UNDERTAKING," and take the letters "T" and "E," using the word "Marry" as the middle word, you can form the Bullet, "TO MARRY EARLY." From the example, "AWKWARD SITUATION" the Bullet "WHEN STRANDED" can be formed. Again, if you choose the example, "A BIG REVERSE," using the letter "G" as initial for both the first and last word, you can make the Bullet "GAMBLERS OFTEN GET."

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. But if both coupons are used an entry fee of one shilling must be sent.

The ink will not run if the coupon is slightly warmed before being used.

RESULT OF 95TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:—

Mrs. A. BARLOW,
38, Harrison Road,
Edinburgh.

Example:—Sacking The Cook.
Bullet:—"Trifle" too Tipsy.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:—

Lieut. HELM, R.A.M.C.,
13, Lorne Terrace,
R. C. Road, Dublin.

Example:—Most Upsetting When.
Bullet:—Germans Stop "Waiting."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:—

Mrs. T. D. CULLIN,
17, Eaton Crescent,
Swansea.

Example:—No Assets.
Bullet:—Needless to Add.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £10 EACH

Mr. G. Wood, "Mayfield," Newport Rd., Cowes, Isle of Wight:
A Black Subject—"Sport" in Library.

Mrs. E. Cornelius, 273, Chichester Road, North End, Portsmouth:
Most Upsetting When—Mobilisation Interrupts Holiday.

Mr. W. E. Till, Acomb, York:
Paying The Landlady—"Terms" Seldom Endearing.

Mr. J. Passingham, care of Alton House, Alton, Hants:
A Black Subject—Beginner's Needlework Usually.

Mr. F. Settle, Park View, Shadwell, Leeds:
Well Loored After—Waiter Spots Rice.

Mr. P. S. James, 102, Northcote Road, Clapham Junction, S.W.:
Plenty of Money—Female Beauty Taked.

Mr. L. Clarke, 22, Pepys Road, Wimbledon, S.W.:
Most Upsetting When—"Worms" attack "Turf."

Mr. H. Hawkins, 69, Beadle Street, Ashton-under-Lyne:
Teaching Her Swimming—Everyone Thought So.

Mr. A. Cheshire, 53, Heyford Avenue, Vauxhall, S.W.:
Without Opposition—Police prove "Previous."

Mr. J. Park, 3, Plan Street, Everton, Liverpool:
Something Hot—Tommy's Saturday Halfpenny.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Jane Matthews, Bingham Hall, Cirencester, Glos.:
A Black Subject—"Safeties" to Barbers.

Mr. C. J. Higson, 3, Homerton Road, Fairfield, Liverpool:
Mothers Work—Making Pale Male.

Mr. H. C. Swindell, 144, Tower Road, Aston, Birmingham:
Catching Complaint—Chancellor Feels "Overtaked."

Mr. Laurence Dreghorn, 34, Whitehall Place Aberdeen:
Tight Embrace—Makes Spinster "Intoxicated."

Mr. P. T. Sheehan, 16, Arnold Gardens, Palmer's Green, N.:
Champion Liar—Considered Below "Pa."

Miss Lena Gray, Maridon School, Paignton, Devon:
Sloppy Talk—Sunday Newspaper's Song.

Mr. E. Marsitt, Rotwell, Essex:
Easily Plucked—"Sour Grapes" Excepted.

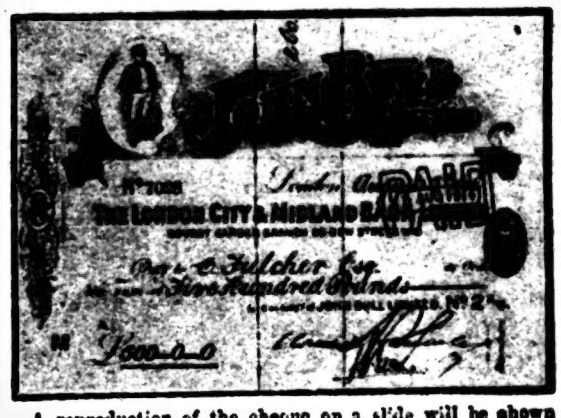
Mr. G. R. Duck, Jubilee House, Clun, Shropshire:
Without Opposition—Squire Continues Inviting.

Mr. E. G. Zamone, 88, Lord Street, N.S. Blackpool, Lancs.:
Cheap Doggings—"Pros" usually "Cox."

Mr. H. Wheeler 23 Salisbury Road Exeter:
No Assets—A "Lean" Time.

40 £2 10s. PRIZE WINNERS.

Allen, F., Tresco, Mountain Ash, Glamorgan.
Allen, S. E., 30, High Street, Ryde.
Baggaley, H., 33, Sabina Street, Nottingham.
Barlow, W. A., Surveyor's Office, Town Hall, Sheffield.
Barnard, W., 170, Park Road, Sittingbourne.
Bleasb, W., 5, Smithfield Street, Liverpool.
Broadhurst, Florrie, 9, Henry Street, Ancoats, Manchester.
Carter, Ruth, 46, King's Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Cliff, W., G.N. Railway, Friargate, Derby.
Clube, J. V., 3, Infirmary Road, Dublin.
Cordeaux, P., Avenue House, Gressenhall Road, Southfields, S.W.
Cox, Miss F., 10, Ferndene Road, Herne Hill, S.E.
Douglas, J., Eskadale, Bearsden, Dunbartons.
Farr, W., Officers' Mess, London Irish Rifles, Chelsea, S.W.
Harley, E., c.o. Mrs. G. West, 29, Cranbrook Road, Wheatley, Doncaster.
Harrison, A., 128, Lloyd Street, C.-on-M., Manchester.
Harrison, F., Leavens House, Deerpark Road, Cliftonville, Belfast.
Hastewell, E., 14, Bedford Street, Fenny Stratford.
Henderson, R., 1, Croft Street, Penicuik, Edinburgh.
Jeffery, D., The Aviary, Wrecclesham, Farnham, Surrey.
Jones, T. S., Airys House, Picton Terrace, Carmarthen.
King, W., 3, Winchelsea Street, Folkestone Road Dover, Kent
Littler, T. J., 168, Redlam, Witton, Blackburn.
Long, T., 182, Edgeley Road, Stockport.
McGivern, G., 21, Raglan Street, Hulme, Manchester.
Marshall, G. R., 21, Rowlandson Terrace, Sunderland.
Millman, C. G., 10, Coral Street, Saltburn.
Mitchell, C., The Royal Oak Hotel, Malvern Link.
Morgan, Capt. R. W., The Barracks, Lichfield.
Morris, Miss J., 90, Jervoise Street, West Bromwich.
Nuttall, A., 14, Rayner Road, Brighouse, Yorks.
Park, Miss M., 6, Pontenoy Terrace, Bray, Ireland.
Parker, W. J., 103, Henry Street, Newport, Mon.
Partington, T., 31, Crosby Street, Atherton, Lancs.
Pearson, W. A., The Beeches, Alma Road, Cradley, near Birmingham.
Pegg, A., 272, Tudor Road Leicester.
Simms, A. C., 332, Hither Green Lane, Lewisham, S.E.
Smith, A., 8, Tennyson Street, Liverpool, S.
Stewart, W. D., 5, Ashleigh, Kendal.
Wadmore, Mrs., 78, Lyndhurst Road, Portsmouth.



A reproduction of the cheque on a slide will be shown daily at the Cinema Royal, Townsend Street, Dublin, and at the Picture Palace, 50, Thomas Street, Dublin.

FIFTY 10s. PRIZE WINNERS.

Andrews, F. W., 42, Perryfield Street Maidstone.
Armstrong, J., 6, Albert Place, St. Ives, Cornwall.
Ayers, T., 40, Bushnell Road, Tooting Common, S.W.
Bain, A. C., 151, St. Asaph Rd., Brockley S.E.,
Baker, W. V., Miss, West View Villa, 7, Shepherd's Lane Dartford, Kent.
Berry, W. F., 20, Bowbridge Rd., Newark.
Bridgford, S. H., Wayside Cottage, Neston, Cheshire.
Bunting, P., Y.M.C.A., Tottenham Court Road, W.
Cairns, S., 47, Lammas Street, Carmarthen, S. Wales.
Carroll, C., 61, Nelson St., Aberdeen, N.B.
Carpenter, Miss, 5, Blandford Road, Bedford Park, W.
Clark, Mrs., Bewyn Villas, Whittington Road, Oswestry.
Davies, L., Miss, 257, Iffley Road, Oxford.
Dunbar, A., 41, Sheffield Road, Dronfield, nr. Sheffield.
Firth, A. L., 65, Farndon Road, Alum Rock, Birmingham.
Gadd, A. W., motorman, Spring Hill Tram Depot, Birmingham.
Hallijam, Miss, 36, Queen's Gate, Claremont Park Blackpool, N.
Hamer, P., 159, Falkner Street, Liverpool.
Hankins, W. A. 3, Queen Margaret's Grove, Mildmay Park, N.
Hawkins, G. H., 1, Mansfield Rd, Reading.
Hitchman, F., 24, Northfield Road, King's Norton, Birmingham.
Hoffe, M., 21, Queen Street, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.
Hopton, G. E., Duncreggan, Londonderry.
Horne, C., 10, Glengall Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.
Hutchins G., 204, Eaton Crescent, Swansea.
Ivey, Evelyn, 46, Kent Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester.
Jacob, J. A., Royal Hotel, Breck Road, Liverpool.
Jay, J. H., Mt. Leone, Plains Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.
Lebern, F., Clenorehy, St. James Road, Shirley, Southampton.
Leech, Miss, 27, King William Street, Coventry.
Maguire, N. J. P., Arney, Enniskillen, Ireland.
McInery, O. S., 65, London Wall, E.C.
Middleton, A. F., 178, Plashet Road, Upton Park, E.
Mockford, J. S., 125, Hartington Road, Brighton.
Monkhouse, J., Star Hotel, Maryport, Cumberland.
Morton, P. H., Linden House, Ballyragget, Co. Kilkenny.
O'Zamis, M., 4, Blythswood Street, Aigburth, Liverpool.
Penny, H. G., 234, Malmesbury Road, Canning Town, E.
Phillips, E. A. W., 4, Aymer Rd., Hove.
Simpson, A., 22, Maule Drive, Partick, Glasgow.
Sherriff, H. J., Laindon, Romford, Essex.
Sullivan, A. G., 2, Fleet Street, Devonport, Devon.
Tregonning, W. A., Eagle Cottage, Tintagel, Cornwall.
Thrippleton, C. L., 35, Roundhay Avenue, Leeds.
Taylor, H., 48, Sandy Lane, Middleton.
Wales, F. A., 58, Burghley Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Webster, A. E., Y.M.C.A. Club, Bothwell Street, Glasgow.
Welch, H. F., 20, Amoy St., Southampton.
Williams, W. M., 256, West Bank, Hoylands, Barnsley.
Zwecker, T., 2, English Street, Armagh.

"BULLETS" RULES (*which must be strictly adhered to*).

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons on page 24, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. Both coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ & Co. _____ Competitors must write their names and addresses, and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. If postal orders cannot be procured, money-orders, cheques or stamps will be accepted **THIS WEEK.**

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. Entries must reach us not later than the first post on the morning of Thursday, August 20th.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No element of chance enters into the adjudication of our "Bullets" Competition. Every coupon is judged by TWO DIFFERENT Members of our special staff of Adjudicators, who have been elected by reason of their high qualification for this work. This staff put aside all coupons which they consider sufficiently meritorious to qualify for a prize. So that, before any coupon is rejected, TWO DIFFERENT Judges have to decide that it is not of sufficient merit to receive a prize. Then, all coupons selected are considered by the Competition Editor in consultation with the Judges. In this manner the coupons are reduced in number to correspond with the total number of prizes to be awarded. The Competition Editor, again in consultation with the Judges, next selects all the lines of outstanding merit. These are placed before the Editor, who, after consultation, decides finally the order of merit. This system of judging keeps a large staff of Adjudicators continually occupied the whole of the week—so thoroughly is the work done. We would point out that, by this system of judging, no award is decided arbitrarily by one mind. It is only after a line has been considered sufficiently meritorious by a BODY OF JUDGES IN CONSULTATION, all of whom are specially qualified for the work, that it can receive a cash or any other prize. As regards the principal prizes, the coupons of outstanding merit are considered many times by the Editor, and also by the Competition Editor and the adjudication staff in consultation, before the final awards are made. In a sentence, ALL coupons are read and considered, and re-read and re-considered by a specially selected staff of highly-qualified Adjudicators, under the general supervision of an experienced Competition Expert—and in consultation with the Editor. That is why "Bullets" constitute a genuine skill contest, free from any and every element of arbitrary decision or of chance selection.

Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-Winners in the above Competition can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

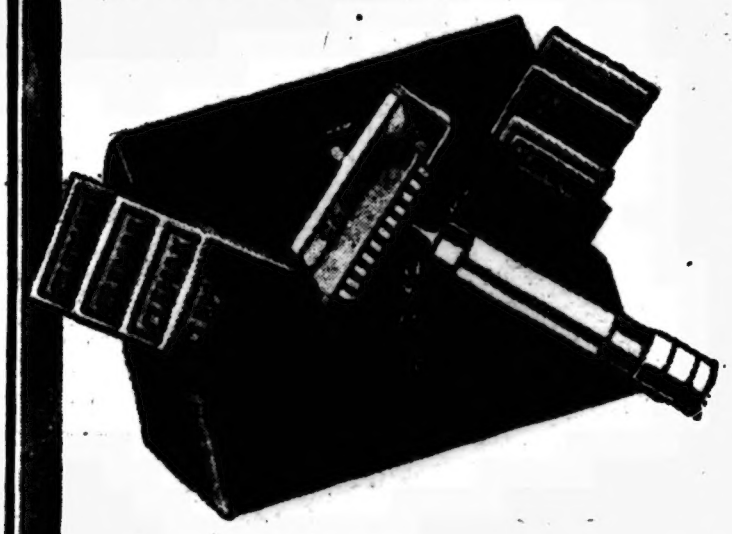
very
clean

"TAKE my tip, invest in a Clemak and you'll feel as I do—in the *very* pink.

It's a grand little razor, the Clemak. Gets the growth off in next-to-no-time, and leaves the skin smooth as velvet.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

The Clemak begins being better than other razors in the blade. The keen cutting edge of the Clemak blade comes as a revelation even to experienced users of "Safeties." Clemak blades are made exclusively for Clemak Razors, and owe their superiority, their marvellous edge-retaining properties, to special processes of manufacture. In other points, too, the Clemak excels. It's so simple, a novice can use it, and so good that money cannot buy a better razor. No bars, plates or screws to remove, and no adjustment required. Easily stropped—easily cleaned. By using a Clemak you'll shave in half the time with double the comfort.



Made as well and shaves as well as any Guinea Razor.

5/- Clemak Razor and Seven Blades in neat case as above,
A Triple Silver-Plated Razor, Twelve specially selected Blades, Patent Stropping Machine with velvet hide Strop - - - - - - **10/6**

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